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## A NEW YEAR SONG.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

—:o:—

Ring out the bells for the bonny New Year,  
 Fill up a bumper and circle the glass,  
 Lift all your voices and volley a cheer,  
 Lads who have life and true love for a lass.  
 Men, who are merciful, women set free,  
 Out from your hearts this libation outpour,  
 May the successes of 'Ninety-and-Three  
 All be redoubled in 'Ninety-and-Four!

If there be jealousies, bury them deep—  
 Scatter forgetfulness over your pain;  
 Troubles and agonies, send them to sleep,  
 Wake to "glad, confident" morning again.  
 Life is a mother, so down on your knee;  
 Art is a sister, so work with a will;  
 All the ambition of 'Ninety-and-Three  
 'Ninety-and-Four will re-crown and fulfil!

All that is new in this beautiful world  
 Dare not extinguish the Faith that is old;  
 Marching for progress, your banner unfurl'd,  
 Never mistake, lads, the dross for the gold.  
 Everything changes like tide of the sea,  
 Nothing can die in Love, Nature, or Art;  
 If you were weary in 'Ninety-and-Three,  
 'Ninety-and-Four will replenish your heart!

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1894.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

*Tuesday,*  
*Dec. 26.* The afterglow of Christmas Day took the form of dull fog in the Metropolis, through which, however, thousands wended their way to places of amusement, "Constantinople" putting as wide a distance in numbers of spectators as is the space between the Queen of the Bosphorus and Drury Lane.—Boxing Day in the country had its pleasant monotony of feasts for the toothless aged and "tips" for the active young. During a game of "Snapdragon" at the Surrey County Hospital some spirits were suddenly poured upon the flames, with the result that two or three choristers were injured, one poor lad dying from the shock to the system.—The pantomimes were as enthusiastically greeted as in past years: the "New Humour" has apparently not eclipsed Harry Payne's quips and cranks.

*Wednesday,*  
*Dec. 27.* Parliament brought back a fair proportion of those members not on the sick-list to consider the Parish Councils Bill; Mr. John Morley was heartily cheered on his return to work and Westminster.—A memorial service was held at St. Margaret's Church concurrently with the Right Hon. E. Stanhope's funeral at Revesby.—M. Pasteur celebrated his seventy-second birthday.—The Australian Premiers are about to invite the Duke and Duchess of York to visit the Colonies.—The Indian National Congress opened its session at Lahore with one thousand delegates and three times that number of visitors. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji (M.P. for Finsbury and India) was elected President.—At the same time as Mr. C. T. Ritchie is being mentioned as a possible candidate for the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire, a namesake has been charged with attempting to murder a clergyman in Camberwell.—Dr. Merivale, brother of the novelist, died in his eighty-sixth year. He had been Dean of Ely since 1869; he was once Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons.—H.M.S. Resolution arrived at Plymouth from Queenstown, after experiencing a severe gale in "the Bay," and with a hundred tons of water in four of her chain-lockers.—A great riot took place at Witwatersrandt mines, Johannesburg.

*Thursday,*  
*Dec. 28.* M. Blowitz, "the most persistent ferreter of news in existence," according to Mr. Morton Fullerton, published in the *Times* a report that the King of Greece so strongly disapproved of the last move of his Prime Minister that he had even meditated resignation. Mr. Samuelson, who is studying that abstruse and complicated Eastern question, Greek finance, had a long interview with the King.—The death of "A.L.O.E.," a name familiar to thousands of readers of the healthy literature provided under this pseudonym by Miss Tucker, was announced as having taken place in India, where she was engaged in missionary work.—Disquieting news about Major Wilson was received from Bechuanaland.—During the severe storm which has been raging, Messrs. Huddart, Parker, and Co.'s steamer Alert was wrecked off Jubilee Point, en route for Melbourne, with the loss of many lives.—The Bulgarian Budget shows receipts estimated at £3,182,280, and expenditure £3,579,920.—Concurrently with the announcement of the discovery of a deficit of £600,000 in the Chicago City treasury, comes the news that Mr. Carnegie has placed at the disposal of the Pittsburg Charity Commissioners a daily sum of £1000 for the next two months, in addition to running his mills at a loss of £20,000, for the benefit of the poor.—The important subject of finding work for the unemployed in the Metropolis engaged the attention of the Prime Minister, to whom a deputation stated their opinions. Mr. Gladstone's "terrible memory" recalled the failure which took place years ago at Hendon, when £70,000 were laid out for the disposal of sewage.—The Rev. G. A. Ormsby, ex-Vicar of St. Stephen's, Walworth, was consecrated Bishop of British Honduras.—The former Prime of New Zealand, Dr. Harper, died to-day.—Sir Francis Clare Ford left London to take up his ambassadorial duties in Rome.—The Tasmanian Government are issuing £1,000,000 in 4 per cent. inscribed stock.

*Friday,*  
*Dec. 29.* The Prime Minister celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, and received congratulations from the Queen and Royal Family, the Press, and Parliamentary colleagues irrespective of politics. He presided over a Cabinet Council at noon, and was present in the House of Commons as usual.—The Roumanian Budget estimates an increase of £507,950 in expenditure, covered by proportionate addition to revenue by reason of national prosperity.—A meeting to arrange about a British section for the International Exhibition to be held at Antwerp, May-November, 1894, took place at the Mansion House.—The veteran Earl of Lovelace, whose first wife was only daughter of "the great Lord Byron," died at his country seat at the age of eighty-eight. Until quite recently, he had taken an active part in county affairs, for more than fifty years holding the office of Lord Lieutenant of Surrey.—After many amendments and prolonged debate, Clause 19 of the Parish Councils Bill passed by a majority of fifty-one.—Mr. Justice Collins was appointed *ex-officio* Commissioner for England under the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1888.—Lord Willoughby de Eresby opened his campaign as Conservative candidate for Horncastle.—Lord Brassey was thrown from his horse at Calcutta, but, though shaken, presided over the last meeting in that city of the Opium Commission.—The funeral of the late Henry Pettitt, widely known as a playwright, was attended at Brompton Cemetery by many of the dramatic profession.

*Saturday,*  
*Dec. 30.* The Queen's usual New Year's gifts, amounting to £300, spent in coals and meat, were distributed to about one thousand persons at Windsor.—From Rio de Janeiro comes information as to the revolution in progress. An added trouble is the epidemic sickness. The Government forts are bombarding Villegaignon.—In the *Times* Turf record for the year it is stated that Mr. H. M. Calmont heads the list of most successful owners, having won £25,431; the Duke of Westminster has won £16,623, the Duke of Portland, £15,527; so that, in each case, wealth has earned wealth.—That famous explorer and mighty hunter, Sir Samuel Baker, died to-day at his Devonshire home, aged seventy-two.—Mrs. Pelham, wife of the ex-Bishop of Norwich (who himself has been seriously ill), died at Thorpe.—Mr. Charles Wyndham revived "The Headless Man" at the Criterion Theatre.—The New South Wales finances are in a healthier state, showing a surplus of £16,000.—Two fatal fires occurred in London, one, at Charing Cross, resulting in the suffocation of two women.

*Sunday,*  
*Dec. 31.* A year which cannot be considered momentous died to-day. In home politics we have had the final issue of the prolonged Home Rule struggle once more postponed, a forced march commenced with parochial legislation, and unique expenditure in time, thought, and temper in the House of Commons. In commerce, the Liberator loss has left its mark on thousands of families, and the Coal Strike has affected tens of thousands more; the Stock Exchange rarely has done less business. In social life no startling changes have to be noted, but the tragic sinking of the Victoria will toll for many a day a muffled peal of woe. Death has removed men like Lord Derby, Charles Gounod, Professor Jowett, Sir Andrew Clark, and Professor Tyndall. Our American cousins have rejoiced over the Chicago Exhibition, and mourned the loss of James G. Blaine. European affairs have been altered by the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and close of the romantic career of Prince Alexander of Battenberg; France has clasped the hands of her Russian allies with excited enthusiasm; Germany has witnessed a reconciliation between her indefatigable Emperor and Prince Bismarck; Greece has become financially involved. Parliamentary crises have arisen and subsided in most countries on the Continent, and latterly Japan has followed the fashion, even as far as disorderly scenes. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand, threatening a great war, obscures the horizon, and has awakened anxiety as to the naval fitness of England. But, with all the threatenings of a storm, Englishmen may "greet the unseen with a cheer," and welcome 1894 with the hope that increased prosperity may spread over trade and agriculture in the coming days.

*Monday,*  
*Jan. 1, 1894.* The new year fitly opens with what may be an augury of better times in trade. Manchester to-day celebrates the formal entry of its Suez—the Ship Canal. The great enterprise has encountered similar obstacles to those which almost defeated M. Lesseps in the case of Suez. The capital of the Canal has gradually grown to £15,000,000; but behind all the efforts of its promoters has been democratic sympathy—"the faith of the masses of the Lancashire population," according to the *Times*.—The New Year honours announced include baronetcies for Mr. L. Lyell, M.P., and Mr. T. Fry, M.P., knighthoods for two other Gladstonian Members of Parliament—Messrs. T. Roe and D. H. Macfarlane—and for Mr. Robert Hunter, Solicitor to the Post Office.—Some interesting statistics were published concerning the Christmas work undertaken so successfully by the Post Office. It seems that 4000 extra hands were engaged to aid the ordinary staff of 20,000 in London. Most of these additional helpers were from the ranks of those out of employment. A slight diminution in the number of Christmas cards, with an increase in parcels, is reported. A more uniform size of envelopes is noticeable, which greatly facilitates speedy delivery. The public, too, responded to the request for early posting of Christmas cards, and apparently refrained from offering drink to the postmen, who so efficiently carry out their duties. Hardly a single case of drunkenness was consequently reported. Certain post offices most courteously sent greetings to *The Sketch* of a similar style to those reproduced in its pages recently.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.

Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30—  
MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA.  
Written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Music by Mr. Oscar Barrett. Scenery by Messrs. H. Emden, J. Pritchard Barrett, and Hawes Craven. Ballets by Madame Katti Lanner. Costumes by Wilhelm.  
"The very prettiest fairy play that has been seen in the memory of the oldest playgoer."  
Daily Telegraph.  
Box-office open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can be secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING (for a limited number of nights), at 8.30, CAPTAIN SWIFT. Preceded at 8 by SIX PERSONS, a Duologue, by I. Zangwill. MATINEE OF CAPTAIN SWIFT, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—MRS. OTHELLO.

EVERY EVENING, at 9.  
Messrs. Charles Glenney, Julian Cross, J. G. Grahame, G. Raieimond, Percy Marshall, Cecil Crofton; Misses Cicely Richards, Blanche Horlock, Irene Rickards, Alice de Winton, Florence Melville, and Miss Fanny Brough.  
Preceded at 8.15 by THE BROTHERS. Seats at all Libraries. Box-office open daily.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY. EVERY NIGHT, at 8.15 (doors 7.40), for Four Evenings only, THE COUNTRY GIRL. Miss Rehan as Peggy; Mr. Farren as Moody. Preceded by A WOMAN'S WONT, with Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Irving. Only Matinee of THE COUNTRY GIRL, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2. Monday next, Jan. 8, Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT. Miss Rehan as Viola. First Matinee of TWELFTH NIGHT, Saturday, Jan. 13. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.





THE FAIRY PANTOMIME "CINDERELLA," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



## MISS DORA BARTON.

To be described as one of the prettiest and most natural children on the stage by a great critic, and to be spoken of by the author of "The Black Cat" as completely fulfilling by her impersonation his ideal of the part he had drawn are brave words. They would be corroborated, undoubtedly, by everyone who had seen little Miss Dora Barton on the boards at the *matinée* in question, and by the crowds who are now filling the Lyceum to behold and wonder at the latest edition of the pantomime of "Cinderella." Very prettily, indeed, she plays the part of a dainty little attendant on the Fairy Queen, engaged in weaving a suitable cloak for Little Red Riding Hood in Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime. And although she has not been given much to say, she made up for the deficiency by chatting with me right merrily in her own home, telling me about her dramatic career—not of very prodigious extent, seeing that she is but thirteen years old—and of her love of painting in oils and water-colours, promising me, if I am good, one of the prettiest New Year's cards of her own execution. The brightest intelligence plays in the depths of her grey Irish eyes; her slightly olive complexion and oval face suggest a southern strain; while the whole contour of features counterpoints that of her mother—known theatrically as Miss Mary Barton, and now playing Patience in the same pantomime, so as to be always near her child. Dora Barton is not the less a success because she has not had her individuality and naturalness drilled out of her. She is too young to suffer from self-consciousness, so that, unfettered by nervousness, she brings to the portrayal of her part the same keen understanding and innate sweetness of disposition which become her so conspicuously in her home circle. Before September 1892 she had never played, but directly Mr. Tree saw her rehearse for Susanne in "A Man's Shadow" she was at once engaged, and three days afterwards she appeared in that character on tour, and for thirteen weeks in all the principal



Photo by F. Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS DORA BARTON,

THE FAIRY WEAVER IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

provincial towns, commencing at the Court in Liverpool on the feast of St. Partridge. Nightly for six weeks she was in attendance, as understudy to Miss Minnie Terry during the run of "The Silent Battle" at the Criterion, and received the highest commendation from Mr. Wyndham during rehearsal. Then in Frank Fenton's company she proved one of

the greatest attractions on replaying her former rôle of Susanne. Her rendering of Natilie in "The Old Love and the New" in an amateur presentment of that play at St. George's Hall gained her further laurels. Next, as the child in Dr. Todhunter's successful staging of "The Black Cat," she made a conspicuous "hit," as I have already mentioned. She would have appeared as Hans, the lame lad, in "The Pied Piper," but



Photo by F. Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS DORA BARTON.

Mr. Comyns Carr decided that she was an inch or two too tall. However, she is for the present very happily placed, though she regards pantomime as only a "stop-gap" in her ambitious aspirations. Undoubtedly, with her pleasant voice, clear intonation, agreeable presence, and strong dramatic instincts, Miss Dora Barton is admirably equipped to succeed in her profession.

## THE QUEST OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Listen, maids and matrons, to a piteous tale of woe;  
Produce your dainty kerchiefs, for your tears are bound to flow.  
I'm a bachelor of thirty-five, and a millionaire beside,  
But for some unhappy reason I've never found a bride.

I don't *think* that I'm bad-looking, and I *know* my heart is kind;  
But the sort of girl I want to wed is the sort I never find.  
The pretty girls are plenty and the clever ones not few,  
But to the girl who'd just suit me it's hard to get a clue.

Perhaps you think I'm finicky and very hard to suit;  
Likewise you may imagine that I'm more or less a brute.  
But the case is really simple, and I think you'll soon admit  
That the trouble rests with Nature and I'm not to blame a bit.

I've roamed from Vassar College to the plains of Kalamazoo;  
I've searched all over Boston and Kansas City, too;  
I've sat out dances many with New York's patrician belles;  
I've been in San Francisco, where the miner's heiress dwells.

In New Orleans and in Denver, in Chicago and Detroit,  
In Skowhegan and St. Louis, in Cincinnati and Beloit,  
All over this vast country I've been on boats and trains,  
But I've never found a pretty girl who had an ounce of brains.

"METCALFE," in *Life* (New York).



THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



NEW YEAR'S EVE IN SCOTLAND: "THE FIRST FOOT."



## THE OLYMPIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

And it came to pass in the fulness of time that the good Haroun Al Raschid (not without a suspicion of something in his coffee) was gathered to his fathers, and the Caliph Abdul Bolossy Kiralfy reigned in his stead. The Caliph was a holy man, and he thought long and deeply about the sad state of the infidel dogs, who knew not the sanctified glories of Constantinople. Musing thus, and auditing his meditations with the aid of the Koran, which promises a paradise of shekels to him who shall convert the Giaours, the Caliph summoned his Grand Vizier and said, "Build me a city at Olympia, rear mosque and minaret, dig me a Golden Horn and fill it with water from the main. Spread our bazaars before the gaze of the infidel, that he may buy brooches and cigarettes and "Turkish Delight." Take the maidens of Brompton and put them into purple trousers."

The Vizier shook his head and murmured, "*Sijak soo*."

"What sayest thou?" demanded the Caliph, with a frown. Then he took up a Turkish phrase-book, sent by the directors of Olympia for the use of the Sultan and his Ministers. "Ha! I see. '*Sijak soo*' is hot water. Thou meanest that purple trousers might raise the ire of the County Council?"

"Even so," replied the Vizier. "And yet we might venture to——" He whispered the rest of the sentence in the ear of the Caliph, who laughed aloud. "By the beard of Barnum, thou sayest well. We will paralyse the Cockneys by showing them the harem; and prepare my horses, and camels, and dromedaries, and my Circassian slaves and negresses, my Arab tumblers, clowns, Pierrots, and harlequins; and bid the master of the music collect cunning melodies, and make ready the dancing girls for the precious moment when they shall uplift two hundred fairy ankles together, and win the multitude of infidels to the true faith."

So the city was built, and on the festival Day of Boxing it was opened, and the people came in thousands to skim the Golden Horn in caiques, to marvel at the Hall of the Thousand-and-One Columns, and to plunge with rapture into the Revels of the East.

But there was one among them, a young man, who rejoiced not, for his heart was sore with searching for the light of his eyes, the damsel who was to be given to him in marriage; and when a neighbour touched his arm in the Hall of the Thousand-and-One Columns and said, "Is it not fine?" he answered, "Nay; but I have written thousands of columns, and they profited me little enough." In the bazaars there was naught that tempted him, though he looked keenly into every fair face that smiled upon him across the piles of stuffs and jewels.

"*Aksham sherifmiz hair olsoon*," said a flute-like voice.

"Hair-cutting saloon? No, thank you," he replied. There was a merry peal of laughter from a pair of lips that were red.

"Don't you know, that is Turkish for 'Good evening'?" said the lady, who held a box of cigarettes under his nose.

"*Mashallah!*" he exclaimed, looking into the phrase-book, which was in every hand. "*Adin neh?*"

"The very best tobacco."

"*Adin neh?*" means 'What is your name?'"

"Bless me! so it does. My name is Susan; I come from Stepney. Is that Turkish enough for you? The cigarettes are sixpence."

"Though I fly to Istanbul,  
Brompton holds my heart and soul,"

murmured the young man, as he turned away with a heavy sigh.

Presently he saw a figure on a balcony. It was a woman, looking down upon him with glowing eyes. She wore a *yashmak*, that covered her face, all save the two stars which shed their radiance into his soul.

"It is she!" he cried, extending his arms. "Speak to me, my life; speak with that voice which keeps the bulbul silent with envy! Veil not those lips, whose ripeness sows the canker of jealousy in the peach! Give me thy hand, which makes the softest silk seem coarser than the tail of the wild horse!"

By this time a crowd had gathered round, and jeering voices broke on the young man's ear.

"Why, ye bloomin' flat, don't ye see she's a dummy?"

Once more he pursued his weary way, till he came to a spot where there was a great throng. And, pressing through, he perceived some damsels reposing on cushions. One smoked a *chibouque*; another touched the strings of a guitar with a languid air; a third ate chocolate creams with voluptuous eagerness, and a fourth took a cup of coffee from the hands of a black slave.

"It's the harem!" was the murmur of the crowd.

An angry flush came over the young man's brow.

"She was always fond of chocolate creams," he muttered. "*Kismet!* Can it be that she has left me for the seraglio of a tiger-hearted pasha? Friends," he continued, addressing those who stood near him, "I crave your help. The maiden of my plighted troth has been carried off by the vile Moslem. See, she is wearing the tinted trousers of captivity and shame!"

He pointed to the lady with the chocolate, who straightway rose and said, "Stuff and nonsense! I never saw the man in my life! I ain't his plighted troth—not me!"

"The eunuchs are upon us!" cried the young man. "Seize her, and let us away!"

But the crowd hung back, and a janissary in blue said, "Now, do pass along, gentlemen, please."

Then the young man perceived that he was again mistaken, and with a deep sorrow he sat down to watch the Revels of the East. Strange and moving was the scene which passed before his eyes. An English Duke set out upon his travels, leaving a host of servants in gay colours and short skirts to dance under Maypoles awaiting his return. Then he wandered to Spain, and saw the dances of the Spanish women, interrupted by prayer, in which, being a good Protestant, he did not join; then he came to Vienna, where there was a fair and more dancing, especially by clowns, who carried bells, and made a soulful harmony; and then he reached Constantinople, where the Caliph welcomed him with a dazzling array of warriors and quaint beasts; and here, too, everybody danced until the young man, who was watching, was almost blinded by the restless brilliance of the sight.

But now came the moment which the Caliph had foreseen for the triumph of Islam. The dancing girls were ranged in so long a line that each wing stood on a wooden jetty, that stretched into the Golden Horn. There was a stillness for an instant, and then the master of the music raised his wand, and up rose two hundred legs, amid a tumultuous roar of "*Bismillah!*" from the rapturous thousands who lined the opposite shore. The young man started up with a glad cry of recognition. Right in front of him trembled in the air a foot he knew, for was not that slender ankle clasped by the jewelled bracelet he had given to his love, who had laughingly taken it from her arm to prove to him that she had the smallest foot in London? The bracelet glittered in his sight like a beacon fire. He bounded from his seat, and plunged into the flood.

There was a shout of dismay from the spectators; but the next moment they saw him climb up the bank, pass over the head of the master of the music, who was struck dumb with astonishment, and fall at the feet of a beautiful damsel, who promptly embraced his dripping form.

"Bring the bowstring!" exclaimed the Caliph, in a voice of thunder.

But just as a gigantic black slave sprang forward to obey this command a large moon descended from the skies, and the young man and maiden, having seated themselves upon it, were promptly carried sailing through the firmament, amid the thunderous applause of the agitated assemblage.

You see the moon and the maiden in the picture. The young man is not visible, because he is in the Hall of the Thousand-and-One Columns, writing the Thousand-and-Second.

L. F. A.







MISS MAY YOHÉ

SINGING THE "PLANTATION SONG" IN THE SECOND EDITION OF "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Foreign Foxes.* When out with a certain well-known pack of foxhounds, not a hundred miles from London, we found no less than seven foxes—this on a day in the second week of November! We killed two. But I could not help feeling, as I heard an old farmer grumble about the number of those "darned" foxes, that he really had something on his side of the case. For, after cubs have been scattered, as they have been by now, it is certainly rather startling to find all these foxes in two coverts. I have not forgotten that, last summer, I was told in Gottenburg that no less than seventy Swedish foxes had lately been sent to England from that port. This is all very well; but one cannot help feeling that in times like these the farmer and game-preserver is entitled to all the consideration he should get. I do not for one moment say that our seven foxes were imported, for I do not know. I am only now using them as a peg on which to hang a moral. For the worst of the "turned-down" fox is that, not knowing the country, he is far more injurious than the fox bred therein. Instead of foraging far afield, or looking properly after the rabbits, he slinks about round the hen-roosts and duck-ponds, killing and spoiling far more than he can possibly eat.

*Large v. Small Bores.* Various correspondents have been writing letters in the *Field* on this subject. It is amusing to see the enthusiasm with which each man recommends that which suits his own case best. I do not doubt for a moment that some men shoot exceedingly well with 16-bores; I have seen it done, and with 20-bores, for that matter. But these small guns are of little use, except in the hands of really good shots, simply because they require to be held straighter than the average shooter can hold them. And it is the average shooter that the gunmakers have to consider first of all. This person must have a "scatter-gun," as the old keepers call it, and I have little doubt in my own mind that for him the 12-bore is the best. A 10-bore, or even an 8-bore, would be better if you could sufficiently reduce the weight; but this you cannot do. Anything over seven pounds, carried all day, means, in the hands of any but the strongest man, the tiring of hand and eye. I, too, have been tempted at times to use a smaller weapon, but I have resisted that temptation, and do not regret it. I always shoot (except at ducks and geese at long ranges) a 12-bore choke, weighing 6½ lb., and it suits me "down to the ground." I would have it lighter if I dared, but that means more recoil.

*Large v. Small Shot.* This question, also, is exercising some of our friends, and it is one upon which pages might be written, and pages more after that. I suppose we are all agreed on the general principle that a big thing is best killed with big shot, and a small thing with small shot. I know many men who try to act up to this in an ordinary day's shooting—men who have different "sizes" beautifully arranged in wonderful pockets, so that, should they meet a snipe, they can slip in No. 8, or, should they meet a goose, they can give him his due; but, as a matter of fact, I don't find that the plan comes off. They are apt to get "mixed" between one pocket and another, or the snipe gets up just when least expected, or the goose does not get up at all. What one wants to arrive at is the best all-round size of shot for English shooting. I say unhesitatingly No. 6. Men may say, as they do, that No. 7 is the best early in the season, and No. 5 the best later on, when birds are strong. I say No. 6 all round. *Crede experto.* I suppose I shoot as many snipe as most men, and I always use No. 6, and I find that this will kill a duck always, if it is placed correctly. I think the amount of shot is a far more important matter than is commonly supposed. One gun will make the best pattern with one ounce of shot, and another with one and one-eighth ounces. Why is this? I don't know. Why is one violin better than another? I never met the man who could answer, unless it was "Varnish." Well, possibly, "Polish" may be the answer to the other. I don't know, but there it is.

*Covert for Hollow Woods.* As, now the leaf is off, many who have sporting properties will be turning their attention to the improvement of the covert, either for foxes or pheasants, a word or two may not be out of place. When woods are hollow—that is, are much "drawn" by the trees—it is always a difficult matter to get any low covert to grow. This is particularly the case with beech woods. There is something about the beech—probably the fact that its roots lie shallow—that is absolutely fatal to indigenous undergrowths. I often hear it suggested that holly and privet are the things to plant. The difficulty with these is the rabbits. Holly, especially, rabbits cannot resist, and if you have to put wire round every bit of planting in a big covert you defeat your own object, to say nothing of the expense. Rhododendrons are not bad while young, but they soon become so matted and thick that the game will not penetrate beyond the fringes. On the whole, I have found two plans answer best. The first is this: clear certain patches altogether of trees, and, with the exception of a few furze plants, leave Nature to fill up with brambles and nettles, which latter can be supported by branches thrown down. The second plan is to sow grasses; there are many fine, large grasses which pheasants and foxes love—the big "wood" grasses, for example, such as the giant fescue (*Bromus giganteus*).

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

There has been a general exodus the last few days from Paris, which most certainly cannot be called "*la Ville Lumière*" while escapading in these constant fits of dreadful weather. Even those faithful Parisians who never dream of going south until after the important *Jour de l'An*, no matter what weather, confess themselves beaten this last week, and are hurrying off to the Gare de Lyon as fast as possible, *en route* for the sunny spots on the Mediterranean.

Snow has fallen very heavily in the Pyrenees, and the passes in some places are quite impassable. Packs of wolves are being constantly driven away from the villages, and great depredation has been done by these rapacious animals to the flocks of sheep. It is remarkable the wonderful *sang-froid* a wolf will display, not to use the more homely word impudence, when he is really hungry. The proprietor of the principal hotel in Kronstadt, in the Carpathians, told me a few years ago that the previous winter he was standing outside his *Gasthaus*, situated in the main street and right in the very middle of the small town, talking to several other men, when a wolf suddenly dashed past with a child of two years in his mouth and got away into the forests before anyone had the time to get a gun to shoot the brute.

A very curious case came before the Sixth Civil Court at the Palais de Justice last week. The Vicomtesse Jouffroy d'Abbans was sued by a previously very intimate friend, Baron de Mercey, on a note of hand for £400, given in return for bank-notes by the lady when she was in prison for swindling. It appears that after her rupture with the Baron she transferred her somewhat fickle affections to a silk manufacturer at Lyons, one M. Belon, who returned her love with such warmth that he was induced to give her, at various times, fifty-six notes of 1000 francs each. Most amusing and affectionate letters were read in court, which, of course, were appreciated by everybody present; but all of a sudden M. Belon became very cool towards the Vicomtesse, and very meanly demanded his money back. Madame Jouffroy d'Abbans, in a fit of wounded pride, did the next best thing to restoring it by giving him notes of hand for the entire amount, but, as she found herself unable to pay them when they became due, her obdurate friend had her imprisoned on a charge of swindling. In her distress, she applied for assistance to her first love, Baron de Mercey, who, in his turn, advanced £400 on her note of hand, which was thrown as a sop to the Cerberus at Lyons. Once safely out of jail, however, the Vicomtesse gained courage, and refused to restore the money to either, on the plea that the obligation was immoral, and therefore by law unrestorable. Judgment will be given in a few days.

Miss Winnaretta Singer was married to Prince Edmond de Polignac very quietly and privately last week, no friends being invited, the few witnesses being all close relations. Miss Singer's first marriage, to Prince de Scey-Montbéliard, was dissolved by the Pope, at her request, I believe, over a year ago, the wife following the usual American custom of resuming her maiden name, always with the prefix of "Mrs." However, this general rule was broken through in this case for private reasons. Prince de Polignac is a man of sixty, and a clever musician and composer. Their honeymoon was passed at the bride's residence, where her magnificent studio is always cited as being the best in Paris, in which lovely ateliers are by no means rare. At the religious ceremony the Princess wore cream-coloured satin, exquisitely embroidered by hand in delicately-hued flowers. With the exception of a diamond pendant no jewels were worn. A very smart but quiet black tulle bonnet, with a touch of gold spangles, toned down the gorgeous gown. The Duchesse Decazes, sister to the bride, wore one of the handsomest gowns seen this year, and, better still, it was in most perfect taste and thoroughly good style, which very handsome dresses are not always. It was apricot-coloured miroir velvet, the bodice and skirt in one, corselet of dull gold embroidery, huge sleeves to the elbow, and from there to the wrist in Venetian point. Over all was a cloak of sable that would have made "Ouida" sick with envy. Mrs. Franklin Singer wore a very bridal-looking dress of white moiré, trimmed extensively with sable tails. Princess de Polignac cares very little for going into society, and intends to work hard at her pictures to have them finished in good time for the principal spring exhibitions. The engagement-ring was a huge emerald in a quaint setting of gold, and on each side six small sapphires set into the gold—altogether a very novel and original ring, and quite different from the ordinary half-hoop of brilliants.

Crime of every kind, unhappily, seems on the increase here. Last week no less than four capital sentences were given in one day for murders, two of which are too horrible to relate. One man, Durand, killed his wife and little daughter of five years on the highway, and then killed a humane stranger who rushed to the poor woman's rescue. During his trial an angry mob was waiting outside the Palais de Justice, demanding his death sentence, which was duly passed. In the provinces there are, at the time of writing, seven other men awaiting their execution. Thank Heaven! it is not so bad in England, although in our own country drink, the dreadful precursor of all manner of crimes, is so prevalent, which is not the case by any means in France. I was told by a German that during the twelve years he has lived in Paris, and in one of its busiest parts, he has only, during the whole time, seen ten men drunk and not a single woman!

MIMOSA.





LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Mr. I. Zangwill has acquired very quickly such a position in the land of letters that his little contribution to the stage—"Six Persons"—deserves serious attention. It is a very clever, entertaining comedietta, containing many strokes of neat, pertinent wit, and some touches of real observation of character. I am bound to add that I do not think he quite carries out his programme of showing us Eugenia as she is, as she thinks she is, and as she thinks Charles thinks she is. No doubt, we have the second and third clearly presented, but I fail to see the first; in fact, the author, like most dramatists, seems to fail in displaying the actual character. No one, it appears to me, can tell the motives that lead her to accept Charles's second proposal. In his absence she had determined that she would not wed him, and during their conversation he exhibits himself in such an unfavourable light that I cannot discover how she came to change her mind, or rather her views. Perhaps Charles is more successful, for we may accept him as simply that most contemptible of all creatures, the male who seeks money in matrimony. This criticism would have seemed needless but for the quotation on the programme, since otherwise one would have merely regarded it as a remarkably clever duologue, in which, as often must happen, the author had no chance of laying bare the souls of his characters. However, it is exceedingly amusing, and one is not bound to analyse the interlocutors to see whether the author has completely fulfilled his programme. The acting is excellent. Miss Irene Vanbrugh gives a charming sketch of the undecided girl who does not wish to be thought a "common or garden-party flirt," and Mr. Fred Kerr, with really remarkable skill, presents the Society snob, who has no idea what a despicable creature he is.

Of the two West-End pantomimes—for I have grown too old to attempt to visit the seventeen suburban and unfashionable theatres—precedence must be given to Drury Lane, for strictly adventitious reasons. Apart from any normal consideration of amusement, a Boxing Night at the Lane is a necessary experience to one who seeks to know London. The first thing that strikes one is the crowd. The amphitheatre and galleries look like successful fly-papers, so thick are the beings in them; the numerous boxes are full; the dress circle seems crowded; the pit is packed so tightly that there is hardly standing room for a Euclidean line, and the stalls contain fourteen rows where usually there are but eight. In passing to the middle of one, if you are late, you make a dozen enemies for life. Of course you are late. The affair begins at the hour when civilised people are eating anchovies or caviare, or small rounds of toast topped with smoked cod's roe, surrounded with strips of olives, which I recommend as a delightful *hors d'œuvre*. You try to dine early, and, in consequence, feel terribly hungry ere the piece is over; indeed, the people who leave before the harlequinade and pretend that they do not care about that sort of thing really would stay if sandwiches were passed round. However, make what efforts you may, you will come late and join the fringe of people hanging round the stalls trying to work up their courage to plunging point.

The second matter that you note is the noise: by the word I do not mean to make disrespectful allusion to the music, cleverly arranged and composed by Mr. James Glover, nor to the singing of music-hall artistes, but to the din that comes from the gallery and from the vocal efforts of worthy people endeavouring to prevent others from talking too loudly. Often enough you will hear quaint remarks from the gods, and even unkindly comments, such as the remark made on Monday to a vocalist with a weak voice, "Chuck it off yer chest!"

The third thing, of course, is the pantomime, about which so many columns have been written already that one hardly knows what to say. Criticism, beyond the friendly hint that the true reading of Goldsmith's adage is "Man wants a good deal here below, but wants it not too long," seems out of place. The whole affair is wonderfully English in character. Money is spent lavishly, and form is utterly disregarded, except the human form, and that is generously displayed; indeed, the best comparison is with a plum-pudding, and the danger is of a surfeit. You can have too much of even such a good thing as the wonderful low comedy of Mr. Dan Leno, who, so far as performers go, is the best one in the entertainment and most successful. His humours may lack subtlety; there is certainly nothing esoteric about them; but he represents in perfection the curious comicality of the people. His dancing is the embodiment of the East End, and when, with stiff arms and body he endeavours to shake his feet off his legs, the house is frantic with delight.

There is, of course, the æsthetic aspect of the entertainment, and you must be hard to please if you cannot find some dainties for your eye. You will be charmed by the dancing of Mdlle. Zucchini, who in her adagio has the something that one may call "style," which is often absent in dancers of the greatest skill. In that "History of England in Twenty Minutes" there are many lovely dresses and some striking combinations of colour, notably in the ballets of the Red and White Roses and the Elizabethan scenes; while the last tableau of the Queen surrounded by the Royal Family and the dignitaries of State really is what a gentleman in the gallery called it, "an eye-skinner." Ballets abound, one of them showing the monsters of the deep cleverly fashioned, and another the dance of the Indians, with a fine picturesque touch of barbaric splendour.

And Miss Ada Blanche, Miss Marie Lloyd, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and Little Tich? Well, they labour with immense energy, but at present their parts are not quite "worked up," nor, indeed, do I think Miss Lloyd's acting will ever seem quite the thing. I was one of the earliest to print my admiration of her rare gifts, but they hardly serve their present task. The others are admirable in their way, and

Miss Ada Blanche has a great deal of pert charm. Before closing these remarks, which, I fear, are as formless as the pantomime, I must mention the shipwreck, which is quite a triumph; indeed, I do not recollect a thing of its kind so well done. What is the general view that one comes to? That it is a wonderful entertainment, containing a great number of plums, and some very big ones, but that at present there is rather too much pudding.

I do not propose to make comparisons between the two pantomimes, though I think that to call comparisons—our one source of human knowledge—"odious" is absurd. The truth is that the Lyceum "Cinderella" is not based on the same idea as "Robinson Crusoe," which has been used at Drury Lane merely as a peg for ballets and incidentals. Far from it, Mr. Oscar Barrett and Mr. Horace Lennard, the librettist, have treated the charming old tale of Charles Perrault or his son—I will not touch the vexed point of authorship—as a basis for a real play, and the company has carried out their design. Miss Ellaline Terriss, the little Cinder girl, is as much in earnest as if she were playing Juliet, and the result is fascinating. The dainty, beautiful girl seems the embodiment of all the exquisite maidens of Fairyland, and one grows as deeply interested in her fortunes as if she really were the little outcast over whose trials in the kitchen we used to weep—how many years ago, goodness and the people at Somerset House only know.

The truth is that at the Lyceum one really does get into Fairyland, and a lovely realm it is. True, there are some earthy beings in it such as the family of little "Cinders," as she was called at home; but bounds are set to the buffoonery of Messrs. Victor Stevens and Fred Emney, the two harsh sisters, and they keep, on the whole, within the picture, and are very funny at times in their laborious humours. Mr. Harry Parker and Miss Clara Jecks as the father and stepmother are really quite what one expects them to be. The Prince Felix is very much in earnest; perhaps in him—or, rather, her, for the handsome Miss Kate Chard is the "he"—in question—readers of the beautiful but shocking fairy tales of Catulle Mendès will see more of Mendès than Perrault; but, fortunately, few of us are so depraved and lucky as to read Catulle of Paris. The cat seems to have come out of the sister story of "Le Chat Botté," and in Mr. Charles Lauri is perfectly presented; when transformed into a footman, the actor, with much skill, shows the traces of feline character still sticking to him. I cannot ignore the fairy godmother, though I regret to say that hitherto mine has sadly ignored me. Her part is charmingly played by that admirable actress, Miss Susie Vaughan, whose name makes one think of her sister Kate, who once played the part of Cinderella, and danced through the whole pantomime with the exquisite grace that she alone possessed.

However, I must turn away from the performers, and even from the exquisite Miss Ellaline, and speak of the actual entertainment: and first I am bound to talk of the music. Mr. Oscar Barrett rightly believes that they have good music in Fairyland, so no little is given of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and others of the mighty dead, while he has written some charming numbers himself. Of course, one must have comic songs, and so modern popular writers are relied on with success. All this aspect of the entertainment is excellent, but admirable acting, charming music, and a capital book would hardly by themselves present Fairyland. There must be "music for the eye," to misuse the phrase of a curious writer on architecture. Wilhelm is the chief musician for the eye, and, having at his command unstinted means, he has produced some feasts of colour of unparalleled beauty. There are really three ballets. One is in the prettily painted forest scene—the work of Mr. Hawes Craven—when in costumes the lovely tints of autumn are delightfully presented. The second occurs in the fairy dressing-room, and is danced by little sprites, who represent the many weapons of the *arsenal de beauté*. At first the colouring seems pretty, yet trivial, but in the end all the light tints are subtly brought together by lavender and the green of spring buds, and produces an exquisite effect. The third is the main effort. It is the Prince's ball, and must, of course, be splendid, so gold is chosen as the key colour, and, though almost every hue of the palette can be found in one or other of the dresses, the whole effect is in gold and related tones. The delightful music, the skilfully arranged dances, and the whirl and swirl of the colours, forming every moment new harmonies and fresh designs, are perfectly fascinating. One forgets for a while the story, one is incurious as to the individual dancing—though, to be just, Miss Louie Loveday and Mdlle. Zanfretta do excellent work—and only before the mind is the vague feeling of the wonderful colour and the strange forms that it seems to take. It is easy to reach the curious half-visionary state into which Heine was thrown by the playing of Paganini, and dream new colour sounds and forms of music.

Of course, it comes to an end, and there follows the meeting of the Prince and Cinderella, who had fallen in love at first sight—at the first sight that is "second sight," so the worshipful Balzac says. It is a pretty little love scene, dramatic in essence and perfectly poetical. Even the simple humours of the harsh sisters and the frolics of the elastic-limbed Miss Alice Brookes do not interfere; they, at the worst, seem irrelevant. When the clock clangs and Cinderella flees in terror, passing behind it in her gorgeous ball dress, and emerges in the old green rags, it is as touching as a scene from the most tear-moving melodrama.

However, the fact that the pantomime is long is no excuse for my writing at great length, for I do not flatter myself that my chaotic remarks resemble "Cinderella" in the quality of being charming, so I conclude with hearty advice to all to go to the Lyceum, and an earnest warning against falling in love with Miss Ellaline Terriss. E. F. S.



Sir Augustus Harris.

Nita Carlyon.  
Marie Lloyd.

Herbert Campbell.  
Little Tich.  
Mr. Collins.

Sketched by R. Ponsonby Staples.

A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL AT DRURY LANE.



## THE NEW ST. PAUL'S CLOCK AND "GREAT PAUL."

For nearly two hundred years the old Cathedral clock has been looking down upon busy or slumbering London life. Its face has seemed smiles or frowns to millions who have looked up into it from Ludgate ascent,

These "flies," spindles, levers, and cranks, which lead to the west, south, and east dials—there is no north dial—make up a veritable maze of mechanical paraphernalia, bewildering and seemingly unending to the uninitiated in such matters.

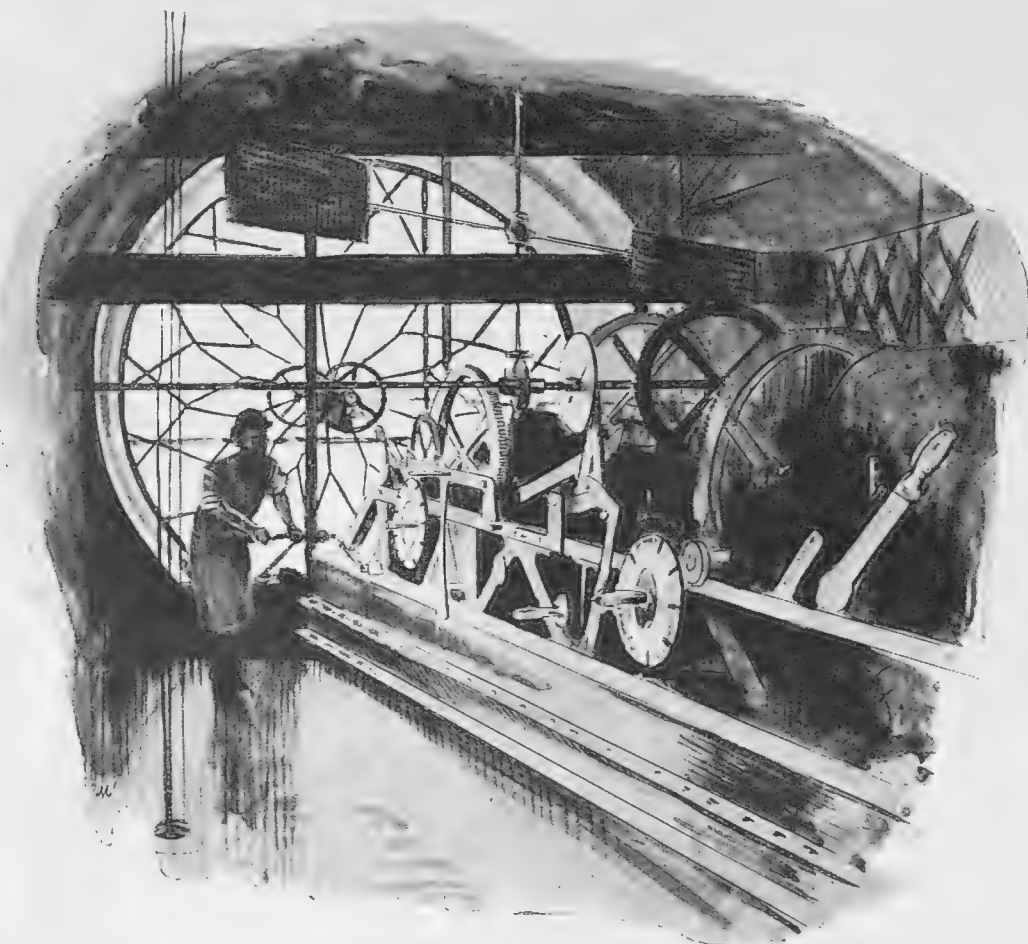
The weights which form the motive power fall down the centre of the tower immediately below the clock, and are suspended by steel-wire ropes. The pendulum and its fittings are very important, since on these depend the time-keeping. It weighs some 7 cwt., and is 15 ft. long, beating once in two seconds. It is compensated for variations in the temperature by enclosed zinc and iron tubes, the expansion of the zinc balancing the lesser expansion of the iron. There is a special apparatus for keeping the clock going during the winding, which is quite automatic, and fixed to the striking and chime parts are contrivances to stop a too zealous winder from pursuing with the winch at the time the clock wants to strike or chime, if it should happen to be winding.

A point often debated, and one not very generally understood, may be settled here, as far as this clock is concerned. By an ingenious piece of machinery the quarters are started fifteen seconds before the first stroke of the hour, so that when the first stroke of any hour is heard that stroke, and not anything immediately preceding or following it, indicates the actual time of day or night. To provide room for the new clock, "Great Paul" had to be raised some 16 ft. above the position in which it was originally placed in 1882, and fears were entertained lest Sir Christopher Wren's massive masonry might be unable to resist the throbs of the brazen monster. However, it is now exactly in the centre of the tower, and immediately over the works of the new clock, its position being such that when being rung the mouth of the bell will swing up into the large circular opening which forms the dome on the top of the square part of the tower. The framework which will now carry the bell is constructed chiefly out of the old oak trusses designed by Sir Christopher Wren, to which is affixed a horseshoe-shaped yoke, or headstock, from which "Great Paul" is actually suspended. The rehanging afforded Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, an opportunity for introducing an ingenious contrivance. With all bells which

have been what is technically known among ringers as "tucked up" in the headstock, like "Great Paul" now is, the drawback has been that the clapper would strike on the wrong side of the bell—that is to say, it would fall with great force on the lower side of the bell instead of following it and striking it on the upper side. But with the counterbalance which these famous bell-founders have introduced this difficulty has been entirely overcome, and the clapper now rises freely after the bell, hitting it just as it is at the highest part of its swing. The weight of the new material introduced is fully three tons and a-half. This, with the weight of the grand bourdon itself, some seventeen tons, makes altogether considerably over twenty tons to operate without a vibration over the beautifully adjusted mechanism of Messrs. Smith's clock. Truly, we are here presented with yet another example of the artistic possibilities of the Victorian age in the foresight of the consummate designer of this colossal fabric.

The same hour bell which Phelps cast years back will still continue to sound out the hours, and, as it hangs over the head of "Great Paul," we may anticipate a pleasing chime high in the grey old tower for years to come.

F. J. CROWEST.



WINDING UP THE CLOCK.

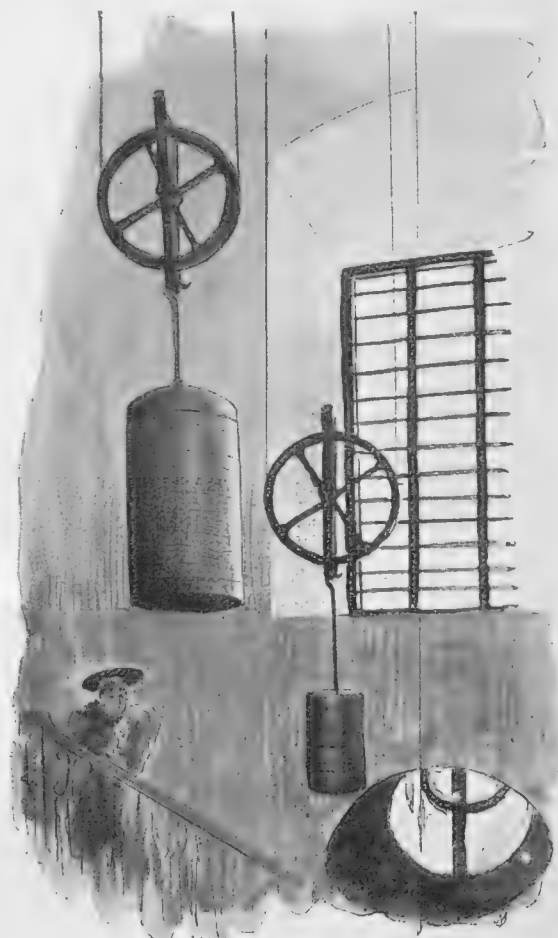
and it, in its turn, has regarded with stern stolidity many a passing show and pageantry. What varied scenes and changes, too, it has witnessed! Now, like many a landmark of the past, it has gone. "*Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes*," sang the celebrated Latin poet some two thousand years ago, and we shall remember the close of the present year as that which robbed us of a possession which was singularly interesting, if not valuable, as a link with the past.

The City of London can now boast of having the biggest clock in England, since the new clock in the south-west tower of the Cathedral measures exactly 19 ft. in length, while "Big Ben," which is really the name of the bell and not of the clock, is only 15 ft. long. It is safe to predict, also, that this fine specimen of horological art will prove to be one of the best timepieces in the world.

It was in the latter part of the year 1891 that it was decided by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to have a new clock. Langley Bradley's clock had been doing duty since it was first put up, in the year 1709, and as clocks, unlike the memorable brook, do not, unfortunately, "go on for ever," it had become worn out and undependable. Lord Grimthorpe—than whom there is no equal authority upon the subject of clocks—was very wisely consulted upon the matter, and he drew up a specification for the guidance of the competing clockmakers. The model to be followed was the Westminster clock, and, after careful consideration, the plans of Messrs. John Smith and Sons, clockmakers, of Derby, were approved by Lord Grimthorpe.

From the street there is little to indicate the great change that has taken place in the St. Paul's clock-room. The old dials are much as they were—the stone rim with the figures let into it being unaltered—but the central part is filled with white opal glass, for illumination at night. There are marks at each hour on the glass to act in the place of figures at night. On the east an entirely new dial has been provided, facing down Cannon Street. The hands for this dial are of copper, hollow, and convex front and back, to unite stiffness with lightness, and present less resistance to wind or snow. For the other dials the hands of the old clock have been repaired and used again.

The ordinary observer, entering the clock-room, could not fail to be surprised at the shape of a huge clock of this kind—the works being spread out lengthways, very much like a Marinoni printing machine. The old way of building clocks was on the square or "birdcage" principle, but all this is done away with, especially since Lord Grimthorpe has been showing the way. Firmly fixed on two massive iron girders, let into the east and west walls of the tower, the works of this great timepiece unfold quite as a mechanical panorama. The chiming part of the machinery is at the east end of the frame, then comes the going part, while the striking part next follows. Above it all are huge "fans," which fly round betimes with weird and unearthly effect as, resisted by the air, they regulate the striking and chiming parts.



THE WEIGHTS.



BLANCHETTE'S DREAM ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The first of the International matches will be played at Birkenhead next Saturday between England and Wales. The surprising victory of the Welshmen at Cardiff last season has greatly increased the interest in this year's event. With one exception, the Welsh team of this year is the same as last year's fifteen. With England it is much otherwise. Lockwood is the only man behind the scrummage in this year's team who played with the beaten lot at Cardiff. The forwards, too, are largely made up of new faces.

Judging from the recent contests between English and Welsh clubs, the Welshmen appear to be overwhelmingly superior. Not only did Oxford University lose all their Welsh matches with ease, but the Barbarians—a touring club made up largely of Internationals—fared even worse at the hands of Cardiff and Newport. Oldham, a strong Lancashire club, were also badly beaten during Christmas week, although Swinton managed to secure a one-point victory over Swansea.

These are facts that want some getting over, and when one considers the advantage which the Welshmen will possess in the matter of combination it is difficult to see how the Taffies can lose. Yet playing in Wales is one thing, and playing in England is another. Wales has only scored one solitary victory in England, and that was by a single try at Dewsbury on a mud-heap a few years ago. The general idea appears to be that the match will be a very tight one, and yet, in spite of apparent probabilities against me, I still stick to my fancy that England will win.

*A propos* of Welsh football, the name of W. H. Gwynn, one of the founders of the four three-quarter system, must be mentioned here.



Portrait by J. Galdie, Swansea.

W. H. GWYNN, HON. SEC. WELSH RUGBY UNION.

Mr. Gwynn, who is now honorary secretary of the Welsh Football Union, was born in 1856 at Swansea. He was educated at St. John's College, Battersea, where he played the "Soaker" game, but afterwards he joined a London Rugby club called "The Arrow." Returning to Swansea in '79, he played for the crack club of that name for nine years, and represented Wales in all International engagements between the years '84 and '86. Although weighing only 8 st. 7 lb., Mr. Gwynn was one of the most brilliant half-backs Wales ever possessed, and while playing opposite the great Allan Rotherham the Welshman did not suffer by comparison.

Although he has now retired from the active list, Mr. Gwynn, a schoolmaster by profession, is still one of the most enthusiastic of footballers, and as he has realised his greatest ambition—the popularising of the four three-quarter system—one wonders what he will get next to occupy his busy brain.

The Yorkshire competition, although well advanced, is still as open as ever. The leading clubs now are Brighouse Rangers, Halifax, and Manningham, and it is pretty safe to say that the winners will be found among one of those three.

It was rather surprising to see a club like Rockliffe beating Bradford one day, and a few days later being taken down by a little Welsh club like Penarth to the extent of one goal and five tries to nil. Rockliffe owes its fame chiefly to the fact that E. W. Taylor, the International half-back, is one of its leading lights.

Halifax appears to be going very strongly just now. Much of its strength is derived from the presence of Jackson and Keepings at three-quarter back. Both of these men are importations—Jackson from Gloucester and Keepings from Wales.

Scotchmen are still debating the point whether they will adopt the Welsh four three-quarter system in their matches. In the recent trial match played at Edinburgh the Rest of Scotland, playing the Welsh formation, gained a brilliant victory over Edinburgh and Glasgow. The four three-quarter line was composed of McGregor, Campbell, Gedge, and Sangster, of the London Scottish. The first three are regarded as certainties for International honours.

It is worthy of note that Yorkshire supplies six players to this season's International team, and that no fewer than three of these have been reared by the Heckmondwike Club.

Much dissatisfaction is heard in Wales over the International four three-quarter line. It is held that Elliott and Pearson are a long way

better players than Conway-Rees and Norman Biggs. For my part, I think Rees as good a man as Elliott; but, judging from the display of the Cardiff men at Blackheath, Pearson is a long way better than Norman Biggs, who appears to be nearly played out.

The London Welsh Fifteen, which a few years ago were almost in the first rank, have now dropped very low indeed. Although specially strengthened for their Welsh tour, Cardiff beat them by just 57 points to nothing.

One of the most successful of the younger Rugby London clubs is Croydon. During the last nine Saturdays they have not had a single point scored against them, while they have put on 76 points against clubs of the calibre of Rosslyn Park, Old Merchant Taylors', and Kensington.

Christmas must be held accountable for a good many peculiar results. Wolverhampton Wanderers, for instance, after astonishing the world by defeating Aston Villa by three to love and Blackburn Rovers by five to one, went all to pieces a couple of days later, when at home to West Bromwich Albion. The visitors, playing a fast, dashing game, won anyhow by eight goals to nil. Was it the Wolverhampton Wanderers who last season, about Christmas time, asked to be locked up in a temperance hotel? I don't know how the Wolves spent this Christmas when off duty.

Burnley has had a wonderful run of luck during the holidays, winning three matches right off the reel, and ranking next to Aston Villa for the League championship. Sunderland only played one League match, and actually beat the Albion at West Bromwich. If the "Team of All the Talents" are returning to form, it is rather late in the season, but they may yet be in time for the Association Cup.

The Corinthians did not make a very gay start in their Christmas and New Year tour. Their first two matches against Notts County and Liverpool were lost, and they only succeeded in beating Leicester Fosse by a goal. The strongest of the Corinthian forces will be gathered together for their great New Year's Day fixture with Queen's Park at Glasgow. This match should be specially interesting, for out of fifteen matches played each club has won seven—the odd one ended in a draw. Strange to say, the number of goals scored by each side are exactly alike.

## CRICKET.

It may seem early yet to talk of the summer game, but several items of interest well worth mentioning have just cropped up. One of these is the appearance of that hardy cricket annual known as "Wisden's Almanack." If it be possible, this book is bulkier, better, and brighter than ever. Sydney Pardon is again its editor, and, along with his various colleagues, the work is thoroughly well done. I can imagine "Wisden's Almanack" giving days of delight to thousands of enthusiasts. All the old features are retained, and an interesting new feature is a symposium of opinion on the "follow-on" question. A number of leading cricketers, amateur and professional, contribute their words of wisdom. The work contains portraits of five eminent cricketers, and the cost of the publication is one shilling.

I should like to know whether any follower of cricket has a better memory for facts and figures connected with the game than Sydney Pardon, the editor of "Wisden's Almanack." Sitting in the press-box with him, and chatting over old matches, I have often been amazed at his promptness in trotting out the exact scores of different batsmen in a long-past match. I verily believe he could tell you, in many instances, how many boundary hits were made, and almost the order of their coming. Besides being a keen lover of cricket, Mr. Pardon is a musical critic and a man of exceedingly broad culture.

It is now definitely settled that a team of Philadelphian cricketers will visit England next summer. They will probably be captained by George S. Patterson, undoubtedly the finest cricketer in America. The Americans will be all amateurs, and, I believe, gentlemen.

Judging from the revelations which Mr. Turner has recently made since his return to Australia, and which only confirm rumours freely made while the team was still with us, the Australian authorities will be well advised in seeing that the next team they send over is composed of men who can behave themselves on and off the field. There were two or three Jonahs in the last team.

One of the best things I have heard for some time is that George Lohmann is playing rattling good cricket at the Cape. In an important match out there recently George's analysis read 25 overs, 13 maidens, 20 runs, 7 wickets. He brought off three catches off his own bowling, and scored 29 runs in a quarter of an hour. Playing in the same match on the other side, Frank Hearne scored 49, and a few days previously knocked up 65.

## CYCLING.

The recent policy adopted by the National Cycling Union in its dealings with the amateur question has resulted, as most people anticipated, in the establishment of a Professional Cycling Union—ostensibly a pronounced opponent of the Basinghall Street legislature. The new Union has for its objects the conversion of professionalism in cycling into a legitimate and honourable calling, giving cash prizes at the various meetings which they purpose holding in different parts of the United Kingdom. It will also open a convenient door to foreign professionals who may be visiting England, and, whatever may eventually result, these latter gentlemen will derive special benefit from the new institution during the opening stages of its career.

OLYMPIAN.



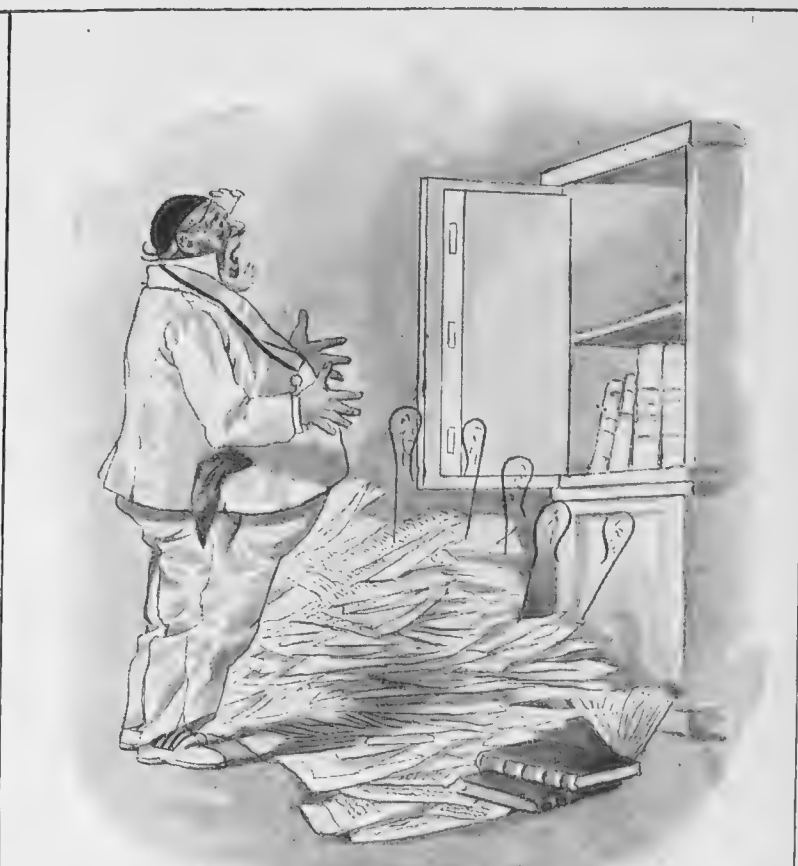
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



STRENUOUS SPINSTER to SWEET-AND-TWENTY: "What are *you* doing for women?"



THE NAUGHTY BOY TO THE BAD HAS GONE



AND LEFT HIS DEBTS BEHIND HIM



HIS FATHERS CASH BOX HE HAS GIRDLED ON



AND THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM







MASTER : " Did you give the mare her brandy this morning, Pat ? "

PAT : " Sure, yer Honour, it was a very coid morning, so we tossed for it, and, faith, the mare lost."



PENE  
RUL  
93

"UTOPIA, LIMITED," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



KING PARAMOUNT THE FIRST (MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON).



PRINCESS ZARA (MISS NANCY McINTOSH) AND CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEANE (MR. CHARLES KENNINGHAM).



LADY SOPHY: "Sir, your children are young, and, so far, innocent. If they are to remain so, it is necessary that they be at once removed from the contamination of their disgraceful surroundings."

PRINCESS NEKAYA (MISS OWEN), PRINCESS KALYBA (MISS PERRY),  
AND LADY SOPHY (MISS BRANDRAM).



"Demurely coy, divinely cold,  
And we are that—and more."

PRINCESSES NEKAYA AND KALYBA.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

*A Cornhill Casuist.**By B.A. Clarke.*

THE circumstances that led to Ernest Marsden's withdrawal from London have never been properly explained. His disappearance excited some comment, for, although Marsden was by profession a subordinate, it had been his humour to occupy positions of direction in his spare time as relaxation from his more serious toil. He was a well-known political organiser and speaker, as well as an occasional contributor, upon economic questions, to the monthly reviews.

By day he was employed at an office in Cornhill. It was there that I made his acquaintance. Our duties brought us a good deal together, and a considerable intimacy sprang up between us. Marsden's relations were all dead, and he was once good enough to say that I was the only friend he possessed in the whole world.

Things were in this condition when I called one night at my employer's private house on a business matter that had been overlooked. I was shown into the drawing-room. From an adjoining apartment I could hear at intervals the voices of two men in violent altercation. After a time Mr. Henderson appeared in the drawing-room, and asked me to accompany him into the other room. Ernest Marsden, the only occupant, received me with a grateful smile. "I have asked you to take part in this conversation," said my employer, "because I believe you to be a friend of Mr. Marsden's, and likely to advise him helpfully at a very critical moment in his career. You were away this afternoon from the office, and are, therefore, ignorant of what has occurred. I have been robbed, and your friend is the only possible culprit. At half-past twelve this morning an amount of sixty pounds was paid to me personally in gold and notes. Before going out I locked it up in the safe in my private room, a safe to which you and Mr. Marsden have the only other keys. Mr. Marsden, whom I left at work in my room, went out about ten minutes later. I am assured by the clerks in the outer office that no one else entered the room during my absence. I returned in half an hour. The safe was locked; but when I opened it I found that the gold (forty pounds) had disappeared. I have told Mr. Marsden that if he will make a clean breast of everything and restore the money he may retire from my employment quietly and without scandal."

This statement upset me a good deal. I hoped, of course, that my friend could clear himself of the accusation. My own position in the matter was none too pleasant. Although I had had leave of absence for the day, I had been obliged to come back for my purse, which by a strange oversight I had left in the pocket of my office jacket. Unfortunately, I had returned to the office about half-past twelve o'clock. Finding the door of

Mr. Henderson's sanctum unlocked—the door, I mean, opening directly into the passage—I had slipped in and out without, apparently, those in the outer office having noticed my return. Marsden, however, had met me upon the stairs. To make things more ugly, I had that very day come into the possession of a sum of money under circumstances that could not have been made public. To my great relief, Marsden made no reference to our meeting, although aware, no doubt, of the effect it would have in diverting suspicion from himself.

The scene that followed was a very painful one. Marsden insisted upon his innocence, and bitter speeches passed on both sides. I fancied at one time, during a lull in the storm, that I caught the sound of some one weeping in the next room. The conference broke up, having come to no conclusion. Mr. Henderson, whom contradiction always lashed into a fury, followed Marsden into the hall, threatening him with exposure and imprisonment. Suddenly the drawing-room door burst open, and a tall, proud-looking girl swept into the hall. I will not attempt to repeat verbatim what she said. Some of it has escaped me, and the rest, without her dark eyes and impassioned bearing, seems ordinary enough. Marsden had proposed to her a year previously, and had been refused. His constancy in the face of every discouragement had touched her deeply, and lately she had come to realise that her feelings towards him were completely changed. Under ordinary circumstances she would have waited for him to address her again. Of his continued devotion he had given her many eloquent, if silent, demonstrations, and now that his fortunes were at their lowest she asked as a favour to be allowed to stand by his side and to fight his



*Mr. Henderson asked me to accompany him into the other room.*

battles against all the world. At the end of this speech, which was delivered with an inconceivable elevation of manner, the girl would have flung herself upon her lover's breast, but he repulsed her with a strange gesture. "Don't touch me, Lucy!" he cried passionately; "I stole it."

Two hours later I went round to Marsden's lodgings, for, in spite of his confession, I felt sure that my friend was not guilty of this base thing. I found him busily engaged putting his belongings together.

"I am glad you have come," he said, after an embarrassing silence. "Other people may think what they like; but I could not bear that you should consider me a thief."

"But the confession?" I stammered.

"Sit down," Marsden replied, "and I will explain everything."

His explanation was briefly this. Twelve months before he had made Miss Henderson an offer of marriage, under the impression that the girl was madly devoted to him. Whether he loved her, he was not at that time sure. Within a week of his rejection—he had been refused—he knew for certain that he did not. After that he had met Lucy Henderson frequently, and had found the mixture of friendliness and pity with which she treated him exactly to his fancy. He knew that the girl thought she had darkened his existence for ever, and he had encouraged her in this notion. He felt that he was acting the part of a glorified Major Dobbin, and playing it uncommonly well. On one occasion he had sung "The Devout Lover" in her presence with so much feeling as to have affected even himself. That he was doing a great evil by this posing he had never reflected. He had not even dreamed that Miss Henderson's feelings towards him were undergoing any change. When she had proclaimed her love for him that night he had been for a second dizzy at the chasm that had opened before him. "And now you know," he concluded, "why I confessed to the robbery."

"But what the devil has all this to do with it?" I replied angrily.

"What would you have done in my place?"



"You won't let this interfere with our friendship?" said Marsden.

"I—I"—progress was by no means rapid—"I suppose you couldn't have told her straight out that you no longer loved her?"

"Insult her at the moment she was standing up for me so magnificently!"

"Well, then, have married her?"

"Quite out of the question. Impossible!"

"As it is," he said, "the connection has been severed, and her



"Don't touch me, Lucy!" he cried passionately; "I stole it."

maidenly pride has not been wounded. As for me, I can go to another town and start afresh. Henderson has accepted the forty pounds I have sent him, and you, he, and his daughter are all who will know anything of this affair."

I took up my hat to leave.

"You won't let this interfere with our friendship?" said Marsden, holding out his hand.

"Ernest Marsden," I replied, "you are either the greatest saint in creation or the meanest hound: I will write to you when I have ascertained which."

Since then Marsden has written to me once or twice, but I have never replied to him. I cannot make up my mind about his behaviour. That he was wrong to have followed Miss Henderson when he knew that he did not love her is beyond question. This being so, it is clear to me—sometimes—that he ought to have married her, and his subsequent conduct appears mean beyond credence. To escape an unpleasant duty he dishonoured his own name. At other times it is equally obvious to me that he ought not to have married her—a return of her affection was not to be expected—and that he chose a Quixotically heroic method of sparing her self-pride. As I have said, I am as far from a decision as ever, and all this while Marsden, my old chum, is suffering acutely from my neglect.

There is one question that demands an answer. How was it that, in spite of his confession, I at no time believed in my friend's guilt?

I had stolen the money myself.

#### LOVE À LA RONSARD. (1585.)

If thou wouldst learn how Love, my ruthless foe,  
Assails me and subdues me to his will,  
Inflames my heart, then smites with bitter chill,  
And gains new glory from my deeper woe;  
If thou wouldst read how all my days are spent  
In vain pursuit of that which is but vain,  
Come near and mark my thousand scars of pain,  
Which God and she assign for punishment.  
So may'st thou know that Love is void of sense,  
A gilded fetter and a sweet offence,  
An empty hope, a toil without reward;  
May'st learn how idly is he fool'd in this  
Who seeks to reach the summit of his bliss—  
An old man for his guide, an infant for his lord.

L. S.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Whitworth Wallis gave utterance to a very good idea the other day in addressing the Malvern School of Art. He noted with considerable severity that every student who passes through our art schools is persuaded of the gay opinion that he can paint pictures, a proceeding which he promptly carries out, and, "what is worse," he sometimes succeeds in selling them. The world is, alas! overstocked with the inartistic canvases of these self-styled artists, and other forms of beautiful art are neglected in consequence. Mr. Wallis, chronicling and deploring these facts, advised these students to give some attention to house decoration and the illustration of books rather than to painting. Such students might without any difficulty combine to effect the decoration, say, of our poorer churches, and of hospitals and workhouses. As a matter of fact, a great deal of most excellent work of this nature has been accomplished by Birmingham art students, and the members of the Kyrle Society are executing work that is more serviceable to the State than the producing of commonplace pictures. Nevertheless, despite the high excellence of such advice, we have fears for the human frailty of art students.



KISSES.—WILLIAM A. CADBY.

Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.



THE PET.—SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Strange, indeed, are the quips and cranks which nowadays possess the souls of most members of that art section which calls itself Impressionist. One would suppose that the eccentric mood had been sufficiently enlarged upon now at the Dudley Gallery, but these preposterous perversions of inspiration are left quite in the passive tense when compared with the exhibition of vagaries which Mdlle. Marie Cassatt is showing at the Durand Ruel Gallery in Paris just now. That this young lady has certain abilities of the facile order none will deny who have visited the Rue Lepeletier, but her purpose in thus out-Heroding Herod for pure ugliness' sake is not made quite clear to her puzzled admirers. True beauty in art does not consist in painting every object in Nature, whether man, woman, or cockroach, in the most hideous aspect it is possible to conceive them; yet this creed is what most Impressionists cherish as a pet commandment. If Miss Marie Cassatt would allow that there is still a little beauty and grace left in this more than ever maligned planet, she will be doing her art a service and herself more justice.

Rome is the poorer by the removal of works by Raphael, Titian, and others from the gallery of Prince Maffio Sciana, and Paris is the richer, and unassailable by the workings of any international law. In spite of every care and caution, the paintings were secretly removed from Rome and reached Paris. The Roman judges issued an order for their seizure, a proceeding which could only, of course, be carried out by the sanction of the Paris Courts. This, after long delay, has been finally refused by the Court of Cassation. Paris and the Prince are accordingly triumphant.

This time of the year is one in which every tradesman is by way of being an artist. He ornaments his windows with all the skill of which he is capable, and poses generally as a decorator. There are many methods with such of achieving their aims; the chief and most obvious is the use of tissue-paper. Yet tissue-paper is not by any means beautiful; it is, on the contrary, very dowdy and uninteresting. Its colour is usually deplorable, and the irregular method so prevalent of twisting it into paper chains marks the apotheosis of its triumphant dulness.

A few tradesmen remember, but many forget, that by far the most beautiful method of window-decoration is the skilful use of artificial light. Moreover, it is cheap. Colour seen before light is nearly always good, since the yellow of the flame has a peculiar transforming and softening effect, even upon bad colours, and nothing can be more attractive than the luminosity, which has, as it would seem, a kind of creative effect, making, combining, and beautifying. Such arrangement in light, when judiciously contrasted with the customary green of holly and mistletoe, is both simple and admirable.

One of the most charming traits of our Royal Family, due, no doubt, to hereditary tastes derived from both their highly cultured and accomplished parents, the Queen and the Prince Consort having been equally endowed with the artistic temperament, is their keen love of art.



THE ALCHEMIST.—A. VAN OSTADE.  
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery.

Another is their genuine kindness and sympathy with every form of human suffering, and in no one of our princes or princesses are both these qualities more highly developed than in the Empress Frederick. From earliest childhood, the Princess Royal manifested that truly artistic and sympathetic nature which has made her life so beautiful and herself so beloved, and a curiously interesting example of both is to be found in the picture from her Imperial Majesty's brush, painted long years ago, when she was still a girl, of which we have the



AN INTERESTING STRANGER.—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

pleasure of giving a reproduction on the next page. The little picture is instinct with feeling. All the pathos of war seems to be expressed in the prone figure of the dying grenadier, and all its desolation in that of the woman who bends over him in the agony of her bereavement. Rarely has the grim side of war, as opposed to the glorious, been



IN THE OLD GARDEN, PENSHURST.—ARTHUR L. VERNON.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

illustrated with more touching simplicity, and in the spirit of the work may be recognised the artistic feeling which has always been one of the notes of the Princess Royal's nature, and also the tender sympathy which has endeared her to all classes; both in her native and her adopted countries. Art and benevolence have ever been distinguishing traits in her Imperial Majesty's disposition and career, and it is interesting to notice how clearly both are manifest in her conception of "The Battle-Field," in which all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" are shown to be as nothing when weighed in the balance with one brave man's death and one woman's broken heart.



ADELINE.—ARTHUR HACKER.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.





THE BATTLE-FIELD.—BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL (THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY).



UN INTRUS.—A. PARIS.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

## MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.

The soft pit-a-pat of a dainty foot on a Brussels carpet does not help a man to interview a handsome woman (says a *Sketch* representative). That may be accepted as a truism. When I started out to call on Miss Lillian Russell I had a beautifully arranged battery of questions. Somehow, in her presence the compact battery got jumbled more or less, and went to pieces.

"Come this way." So Miss Russell's French maid Louise guided me through the mazes which the Columbia Theatre of Chicago, like



Photo by Falk, New York.

MISS RUSSELL IN "GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA."

theatres everywhere, has behind the stage. Miss Russell had just reached her room, after singing a song; the audience were still applauding. "Glad to see you. Sit down and chat," was her greeting in hearty tone.

Miss Russell wore the costume of the nut-brown peasant girl, Gilbert's heroine in "The Mountebanks." Hence the distracting slipped foot aforementioned frou-frouing to the lazy motion of the American rocking-chair. Had rocking-chair ever a prettier pivot? Never. Oh, that rocking-chair! What would the American woman do or be without it? Why, it can almost be made to speak, like a Spanish lady's fan. As it happened, Miss Russell, the evening being sultry, used a business-like fan in a business-like way. Its whisks toyed with the lace on the bodice of her rustic frock, and drove breezes among the smother of golden hair falling on her shoulders. Imagine a bright room holding the photographs, the flowers, the paraphernalia generally of a leading actress, and you have altogether a picture good to look upon—pity it must be in imagination.

"Really," quoth Miss Russell, "what can I say to you that would be in the least interesting? Tell you that I like England and the English people very much—well, I'm positively certain that would not be new information."

"Rather tell me how you came to go on the stage, something of the circumstances which turned your attention to a theatrical career, and, as it has turned out, so high a triumph in comic opera."

"Well, I think I can say that I made my appearance on the stage at a very early age. Would you believe it that I began as a child of seven, when I was a pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart here in Chicago? We had a play, which, if I recollect aright, though simple, was not wholly unattractive, and I took the part of a tambourine girl. Perhaps I was pitched for the part of tambourine girl because I had developed some taste for music and had been studying the violin. Indeed, in those days it seemed as if music pure and simple, not the stage, was to occupy my future."

"What, might I ask, gave you your first real inclination towards the stage? Any consideration in particular?"

"No, I cannot say so. I did not become an actress in any accidental way. While still studying in Chicago I played at least once in an amateur dramatic company. Then I saw all the opera companies which came to Chicago, and became interested in opera particularly. Professor Gill took my voice in hand first, and, subsequently, Madame Scherenberg had me as a pupil for opera. I went to New York, where I took lessons under Signor Moderati, and I studied somewhat exhaustively such rôles as Siebel in 'Faust' and Martha in 'Fra Diavolo.' I intended going to Europe to complete a training for grand opera, but, instead, engaged myself as a member of the Rice Evangeline Comic Opera Company. This step fairly threw my fortunes in with comic opera, and I don't know if I'm inclined to complain of the manner in which comic opera has treated me."

"And now," I took up the talk, "when did you make your first hit in comic opera? When was the day from which you date your success?"

"Oh, yes, I have the date," and the wee pucker went out of the brow. "It was on Nov. 4, 1881, that I scored what I might venture to call my first great success, at the Bijou Opera House, New York, the play being 'The Snake Charmer.' Did my popularity in 'The Snake Charmer' gratify me? Naturally, the more as I think I worked hard for success. Success came to me, probably, sooner than it comes to most, but I can assure you it did not come without work."

"Somebody who knows has told me that when you have a new opera to study your practice is to tackle it in the most thoroughgoing manner—in other words, that you always study hard."

"It's quite correct, although I don't know that there is any unusual credit in the circumstance. I imagine that anybody who makes any kind of footing on the stage must keep on studying. Now and then, do you know, I still put myself under the instruction of my old teacher, Madame Capianni. As for the operas I have played in since my first success, why, they would at least count to a full score. I have played the leading rôles of 'Olivette,' 'The Grand Duchess,' 'The Pirates of Penzance,' 'Billie Taylor,' 'Iolanthe,' 'Dorothy,' 'La Cigale,' 'The Mountebanks,' 'Giroflé-Girofla,' and ever so many more."

"Your favourite among all the pieces you have taken the leading rôle in, what has it been?"

"My favourite, first and foremost, 'The Grand Duchess'—to my thinking, as fine an opera as ever was put together."

"Are you particular in regard to costume?"

"I hold," declared Miss Russell, "that an actress owes to the public the best she can achieve in the matter of costume. Do not, unless you like, put it any higher than a mere duty to your audience, but, for myself, I have even the simplest dresses of the very best material. Here's a simple enough costume I'm wearing just now, yet better material could not be bought. I get notions for many of my dresses in old pictures, which I find it a pleasant occupation to hunt over. I don't work out all my designs, but merely indicate them in water-colours for the dressmaker. You see, I used to paint a bit, and even a trifle of an accomplishment in that way comes in handy."

"Miss Russell, I'm going to ask you what may seem to you a somewhat superfluous, not to say ridiculous, question. Do you love your profession for itself? Is it necessary for an artiste to do that to succeed?"

"To both questions I say undoubtedly yes. I love my profession deeply. It is difficult to imagine anybody successful beyond the average who does not love it for itself, apart altogether from the living it brings. Add to devotion initial ability, experience, and downright continuous work, and you have several of the most important considerations making for the success of an artiste."

"You have had remarkably long runs with some of your pieces. Which of them have had the longest runs?"

"Let me recall. I played 'La Cigale' four hundred and fifty nights—of course, with vacations. Then I appeared in 'Poor Jonathan' three hundred and fifty evenings, and in 'The Grand Duchess' at the New York Casino, two hundred times. Generally, after a play has run fifty nights I get very tired, and there is a tendency for one to become mechanical. Still, by way of exception, there was 'The Grand Duchess,' which had not tired me in the least at the two-hundredth night."

A last query I furbished out of my disorganised interviewer's arsenal—to wit, English versus American theatre-goers: were there radical differences between them? Wherein did the differences lie?

"The great difference," Miss Russell gave the opinion, "lies in this, that American people take the theatre more lightly than the English. They go to the theatre to be amused primarily, to find recreation after the labours of the day. In other words, the theatre in America is less a subject for study than it is in England and on the Continent. As America gets older, and gets a class of leisured people, what I might term the studious side of the theatre will come into existence to the same extent as in Europe. A busy, active people, a people ever striving and working, in going to the theatre naturally crave for the change, the relief of amusement. As to smaller distinctions, I suspect the American is less constant to a favourite than the Englishman. In England once a favourite always a favourite. Not so in America. One must continue doing good work and better work, and always be on the spot, as it were. To get *passé*, to decline in ability in any way, will react much more quickly on an artiste in America than in England. Finally, taking the Anglo-Saxon anywhere, I doubt if he does not make a colder audience than you find some other races to make—say, the French."

Here I got a glimpse of the call-boy, and I knew that his roguish face stood for a full-stop to further talk. The audience waited.





MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRISON, CHICAGO.

## TOILERS OF THE DEEP.

*From Photographs by W. D. Brigham, Scarborough.*





## STUDIES IN WAX.

## SOME MASTERPIECES AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

When the enterprising and energetic Madame Tussaud first came over to England, early in the present century, and set up her waxwork

of the couch upon which reclines the ill-fated Madame Ste. Amaranthe, an impression of whose face was taken from life a few months before her execution. This figure is one of the best executed in the exhibition. The extreme beauty and lifelike appearance of the face is enhanced by the mechanical apparatus which causes the bosom to rise and fall so naturally that an ignorant person might readily be excused for taking the figure for that of a living being.

Those readers who are well versed in the history of the French Revolution will call to mind that the unfortunate lady in question was one of the loveliest women in France at that time. Her husband was a lieutenant-colonel of the body-guard of Louis XVI., and was killed in the attack on the Tuileries, Aug. 10, 1792. When the poor girl was condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal she was but twenty-two years of age; but the tribunal, as we well know, took no heed of youth or beauty, learning or white hairs, since the merest suspicion sent the most innocent person to suffer by that knife which did to death no less than 22,000 persons, and which can be seen in the "Chamber of Horrors," installed in a place of honour among other sanguinary exhibits.

One of the best examples of wax modelling in the whole exhibition is the group entitled "The Football Scrimmage." This is the work of Mr. John Tussaud, the great-grandson of the old lady of that name. Two tons of clay were used in the manufacture of the footballers, and, besides clay, a large amount of time, trouble, and money was expended over the group ere it was pronounced ready for the public to feast its rapacious eyes on. The scene is a most exciting one. Scotland is fighting England: the Rose is warring against the Thistle. Clutched in each other's arms, the players are straining every nerve to overpower their opponents. One gentleman, in his frenzied vigour, is holding on to the curly locks of an opponent, and in this exciting state the curtain is lifted and the tableau exposed to view.



EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

exhibition in the Strand, little did she think that her modest show was destined to develop into the magnificent exhibition which has found a permanent home near Baker Street Station. Madame Tussaud's children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have faithfully carried on the great work, the idea of which originated in the subtle brain of one John Christopher Curtius, a physician, who was uncle to the lady who brought her wax models to English shores. Many specimens of the actual handiwork of the exhibition's foundress can still be seen at the show-rooms in the Marylebone Road, for Madame Tussaud, before she changed her maiden name of Marie Gresholtz, had often to perform the unpleasant task of taking waxen impressions of the faces of those who suffered by the guillotine during that awful Reign of Terror. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and the Princesse de Lamballe were among those she had to model at the behest of the Committee of Public Safety. The young girl herself actually fell under suspicion at one time, and was imprisoned with the lady who afterwards became the Empress Josephine.

The best specimen of Madame Tussaud's work is undoubtedly her figure of Voltaire, which was taken from life two months before his death.

The waxen image of the old lady herself attracts much attention from sightseers, gaping crowds of whom gather round her, guide-book in hand, very ready with critical and not always, either, artistic or grammatical remarks. Madame Tussaud stands at the head



A ZULU GROUP.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

If Mr. Tussaud will pardon us for pointing to the fact, the scrimmage is a somewhat disorderly one, seeing that the combatants are mingled together in a picturesque but not altogether in a football-like manner. Our attention was drawn to this discrepancy by a top-hatted, Eton-coated, black-gloved schoolboy, who, with his maternal parent, had stopped to gaze at the animated scene.

"Look here, Mother!" he exclaimed; "half these chaps are off-side."

The *voes populi* at Madame Tussaud's are amusing to a degree.

The tableau depicting the death of Nelson in the cockpit of the Victory gave rise to a very innocent remark on the part of a lady who, to judge by her fresh complexion and unorthodox apparel, evidently hailed from the provinces. This worthy stopped in front of the death-scene, and gazed at it open-mouthed for some little time. Then she got hold of her umbrella and jammed its point into her companion's ribs by way of attracting his attention.

"Bill," she murmured, "look at this 'ere! Ain't it a funny bed-room?"

Bill acquiescing in this opinion, the good couple moved on, highly amused at the

idea of a famous admiral breathing his last "in a hattie like that."

Leading out of the "Chamber of Horrors" there is a very striking series of tableaux, wonderfully well executed, illustrating "The Story of a Crime."

The first scene shows us a young man being invited to take a hand at cards. Even while he yields to the pressure brought to bear upon him, it can be seen that he is somewhat reluctant to comply. In the second scene the room is emptied of all save his host and himself. Cards, counters, and other adjuncts to the vice of gaming are scattered over tables, chairs, and carpet. The poor young fellow has evidently been "plucked," for he is represented as giving his note of hand for a large amount to his wily host.

In the third tableau the latter calls upon his victim in company with a sheriff's officer, or some individual of the broker's man description. The young fellow's wife weeps in a corner of the room; his child, frightened at it all, clings to her dress.

The fourth picture of the series is very vivid in its ghastliness. The card player, ruined by a so-called friend, takes his revenge in a summary fashion. He stabs his false companion as the latter lies asleep in bed. He breaks open his safe, and steals the documents so fatal to his welfare. He is represented taking one glance back at his victim, who, with a streaming wound in his breast, lies half in and half out of bed.

In the next picture the murderer is standing in the dock, since his crime has found him out, and the far-reaching hand of Justice has clutched him in her iron fingers.

And then comes the end of "The Story of a Crime." The execution morning has arrived, and the condemned man is on his way to the scaffold. He is now close to it. Beside him is the hangman, the chaplain, and the warder. In another three minutes' time he will have ceased to breathe. The anguish written on the man's deathly-white countenance is quite awful to behold—it remains in the mind for hours afterwards. The facial expression must be seen to be realised. It is distinctly a stroke of the highest artistic genius, and Mr. John Tussaud, the sculptor of the whole set, is to be warmly congratulated on this masterpiece.

"I shall dream of it all night," exclaimed a young girl, who, leaning on the arm of a stalwart soldier-lover, was gazing at the last tableau. "I sha'n't be able to get that man's face out of my head for days."

It is worth one's while to pay the admission money solely to view this corner of the exhibition. It is a true study of human nature.

Another of Mr. Tussaud's successes is the waxen and pictorial representation of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. The sculpturing and painting are so very artfully combined that the delusion gives rise to many quite heated arguments among visitors to the exhibition as to

where the wax leaves off and the paint begins. There are, in reality, only three waxen figures. Needless to say, great trouble was expended in the preparation of this tableau, since the sculptor and the artist had to work together and from the same point of view in order to get it exactly correct.

The execution of Mary Queen of Scots is another very vivid and striking set piece, and the sightseer is brought face to face with sylvan and aquatic scenes in "Covert Shooting" and "Yachting on the Norfolk Broads." "Coursing" and "A Meet of the Hounds" are two more excellent tableaux, both being the offspring of Mr. Tussaud's efforts. Strolling along towards the dining-rooms, one comes suddenly upon what appears to be a chemist at work in his laboratory. This is the famous Professor Koch, the discoverer of the so-called cure for consumption. So absolutely true to life is this piece that it is hard to believe that the Professor is only an image. The rabbit in the cage, however, is very much alive and kicking, since he rustles about among his straw in the most frisky manner.

Cetewayo, with a most pleasant grin on his expansive countenance, keeps two of his favourite wives company, while hard by is a group of Oriental potentates, containing, among others, such outlandishly yeelped celebrities as the late Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, who looks as if he suffered from perpetual toothache, the Begum of Bhopal, Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan, and several Most Honourable English warriors, who scowl, smile, or look doleful, as the case may be.

One of the most curious exhibits is the head of an Indian chief of the tribe Napos, which has its habitation in Ecuador. The women of this tribe follow their men into battle, and cut off the heads of their slain opponents. By a peculiar method of their own invention they reduce the heads to the size of fists, after taking out the bones and flesh. These "reduced" heads are extremely rare, which fact renders the specimen at Madame Tussaud's all the more valuable.

Besides the wax-works there are numerous other attractions at the exhibition. There is, for instance, a picturesquely clad band of Swiss players and singers. Then, there is an organ, and down in the refreshment-rooms a number of parrots and cockatoos, all of which give forth music of a more or less pleasing kind. Recently there has been added a unique collection of instruments of torture, and besides all these one can behold the Rainhill murderer at work in his kitchen, Mr. Hogg with his wife and child, Mrs. Pearcey in her sitting-room, and a gentleman strapped down on the guillotine, ready for the drop of the knife.

Last, but not least, there is the catalogue, which has been specially written by Mr. G. A. Sala, and is, therefore, very good reading in itself. This deals with all the wax models—which are honoured with descriptions



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.  
MADAME TUSSAUD.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.  
VOLTAIRE.

varying in length from six pages to a half-inch paragraph—including such celebrities as William the Conqueror, Henry Irving, Queen Elizabeth, John Burns, "General" Booth, Mr. Gladstone, Charles Peace, the Emperor Napoleon I., Arthur Shrewsbury, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Cinderella, and Robinson Crusoe.

R. S. W.-B.





THE VILLAIN OF THE PLAY: "COME ON! COME ON!"

## THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.

## II.—MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

In no department of photographic work have the recent discoveries of the optician and the chemist been of greater service to the photographer than in the depicting of mountain scenery. The man who succeeds must be a good mountaineer as well as a good photographer.

An ideal mountain photographer—a man whose studies of mountain and cloud, of crag and snow, have not been surpassed, and an enthusiast whose life was sacrificed to the work some six years ago—was the late Mr. W. F. Donkin. Mr. Donkin's photographs of the Alps were, and still are, widely known and admired, and in the autumn of 1887, in company with Mr. Harry Fox, his friend and assistant, he arranged a photographic tour in the Caucasus. They took with them two experienced Swiss guides, who had accompanied them among the Alps,

the desired object is clear of cloud the sun is hidden, and when the sun shines upon the scene generally his particular object is lost in mist. At length, when it is too late in the day for the lighting desired, the clouds clear from the mountains, the sun shines forth, and the day becomes perfect for the tourist, but it is a lost one for the photographer, who must be content to try again and again. Even when the principal object is properly lighted, it may be that the foreground, on which sunlight is also desired, remains in shadow, without a single gleam to give life and brilliancy.

Another difficulty which has told greatly against the mountain photographer in the past arises from the well-known fact that the photographic plate is more sensitive to the blue and violet than to the red and yellow rays of the spectrum. As painters well know, distant hills appear far bluer than the near foreground, and the result of this is so accentuated by the properties of the ordinary sensitive plate that the photographer is often obliged to choose between a picture in which the distance appears far lighter than it does to the eye, or one in which the foreground is black and lacking in detail. The exposure that is long enough to give a truthful rendering of detail in near objects will



THE MER DE GLACE, CHAMOUNI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. C. L. MITCHELL.

and were, in all respects, a well-equipped party. Late in August they arrived at Batoum, and at once pushed forward to the mountains. From inquiries afterwards made, it seems that at three in the morning on Aug. 30, in the best of health and condition, they started from the Dounala Glacier for the ascent of Dychtou. Day after day passed without their return, and search and relief parties of hardy mountain villagers were organised by the Russian officials of the district. Every possible effort was made, but no trace of the party could be found, and on Sept. 26 the search was given up as hopeless.

Of the technical difficulties that surround mountain photography, the greatest are those conditions of light and atmosphere over which the photographer has no control, and which can only be overcome by patient waiting and frequent efforts, often necessitating a long residence in one district. Clouds are often very valuable, sometimes indispensable to the securing of a desired effect, but they, too, often occur in the wrong place, and spoil the photographer's work. Mountaineers and tourists who only wish to see a given mountain, or to obtain a view from a given peak, know how provokingly the mists will hover, and for the photographer the difficulty is much greater. It may be that he wants a picture of a certain point. To get the proper effect, he must work from a certain position, and must have certain lighting, which, perhaps, remains for only half an hour in a day. He may toil with his apparatus to the chosen spot, but too often he finds that when

cause all the distant detail to be lost in a light haze, and probably merge the mountains into the sky. A similar difficulty occurs with, say, green fir-trees and snow-clad peaks or glaciers. Either the photograph looks as if the trees were black, instead of a delicate green, or the beautiful detail and soft shadows in the snow must be sacrificed. During the past few years the chemist has greatly aided the photographer in overcoming this particular difficulty by introducing a plate which is far more relatively sensitive to the red and yellow rays than the plate in general use. In addition to this, the optician has suggested the use in the camera of a light-filter of glass, of such a colour as to largely retard the passage of the blue rays of light, so that in the case last mentioned of a glacier and fir-trees the intense white light reflected from the glacier is robbed of some of its power, and prevented from acting on the plate in such a manner as to destroy all fine detail. Another means for attaining practically the same end was devised and patented last year by Mr. J. T. Sandell, an example of whose mountain work, specially illustrating this one point, is reproduced; he coats the ordinary glass plate with two or three films of varying sensitiveness.

The view reproduced by Dr. Charles L. Mitchell was taken on films specially sensitised for the red and yellow rays, and with the use of a light-filter, as mentioned, while the example by Mr. Sandell, though taken under adverse conditions as regards mist and light, shows some of the advantages claimed for his multiple-coated plate.





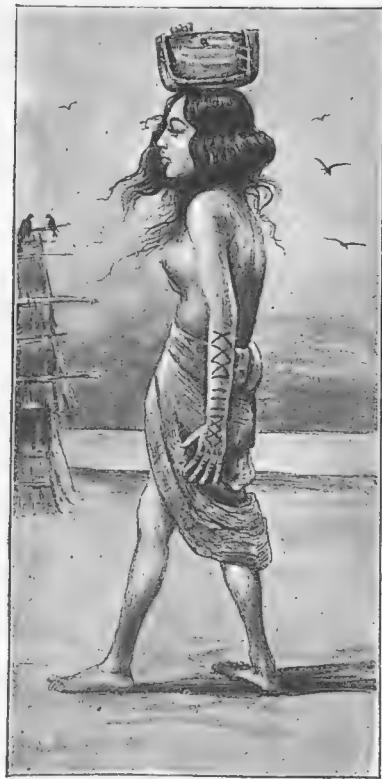
AIGUILLES VERTES AND PORTION OF GLACIER DES BOIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. J. T. SANDELL.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## AMONG THE AINU.\*

The President of the Royal Geographical Society, in his recent address, gave a surprisingly long list of unexplored parts of the world, and until Mr. Savage Lander had traversed the northern portion of Yezo it might have been added to the number. It is, perhaps, because the author bears



AN AINU BELIE.

a name distinguished in English literature that he is anxious to disclaim more than the unpretentious form of an "amplified log-book" for this narrative. He may set his mind at rest; his qualifications for telling a story are equalled only by the qualifications which secured him a story to tell. He brought to his enterprise tact, resource, pluck, and readiness to adapt himself to his surroundings—ugly, repellent, and often perilous, as these were—all which, with his scientific and artistic equipment, enabled him to do a remarkable piece of work, and to add to our knowledge of a people whose physical characteristics—notably, their hairiness—are as interesting to the biologist as their moral and intellectual standard is interesting to the anthropologist. With no more outfit than the clothes he wore, an extra shirt or two, and three pairs of boots, and with a stock of drawing materials, Mr. Savage Lander started from Hakodate to explore an island only the southern part of which, occupied by half-castes, the offspring of Japanese and Ainu parents, was familiar to a few foreigners. He went on his own account, unparaphrased by the

papers, unhelpt by any grant from geographical or other societies. The journey, which occupied 146 days, was taken in the manner described in the title of the book—the omission of dates should be repaired in a future edition—and the sartorial condition of the intrepid young traveller on his return to Hakodate is better imagined than described. Suffice it, as he tells us, that "when his clothes came to an end he did without them," as he did without food when he couldn't get it; although once the pangs of hunger made him rob a church—that is, steal cakes and rice from a wooden shrine on which Japanese fishermen had laid them as offerings to the sea-god. Anyway, contact with savage life brought home the lesson that "man wants but little here below."

The Ainu (from "Ai-num," "hairy men") proper must be carefully distinguished from the half-castes to whom previous writers have loosely applied the name, and it is in the correction of their statements that much of the distinctive value of Mr. Savage Lander's volume lies. From his



AINU HALF-CASTE CHILD OF VOLCANO BAY.

account, based on personal knowledge derived from visits to all the chief villages of Yezo, it is clear that the pure Ainu are the lowest savages extant, lower, that is, than the Queensland blacks—cannibals although these be—than the hill tribes of Southern India, or the Veddahs of Ceylon. To quote the well-worn phrase, "they have no manners, and

their customs are beastly." The sow wallowing in the mire is cleanly by comparison, for they never wash from birth to death; consequently, their villages smell like the monkey-house at the "Zoo," only a thousand times worse, because that is cleaned out, and these never know besom or mop. All the tribes live by hunting and fishing, their animal food, often eaten raw, being supplemented by seaweed and roots. They have no alphabet; no knowledge of writing; no arts, save rude weaving and ornamentation of wooden implements; no pottery, and no metallurgy—one metal is as good as another so long as both shine. They have no marriage customs; a man takes as many wives as he can afford, or as the village can supply, for the tribes are endogamic, and, as usual result of interbreeding, go from bad to worse; the women do all the rough work, and are divorced (without alimony!) at the pleasure of their lords. They bury their dead, get drunk on *saki* at the funeral, and when once the corpse is under ground they object to anyone visiting the spot. Articles belonging to the dead are interred with them, after being broken, so that, as Mr. Savage Lander explains, no other person should use them. Perhaps he is right, but the like custom elsewhere is generally said to be due to the desire to release the "ghost" of the article for the benefit of the "ghost" of the owner. The Ainu do not believe in the resurrection of the body nor the life of the world to come, nor in any ghosts whatever, although, as in nearly every language, their idea of soul is associated with breath or life. With the *nusa*, or skull trophies, fixed on the east side of their huts



MY HOST, THE MADMAN.

there are hung *inaos*, or peeled willow-wands, which are used as charms in various ways, and these may be survivals of animism which present conditions have well-nigh annihilated, as the "orientation" of the trophies may be relics of sun worship among Ainu ancestors. Be this so or not, Mr. Savage Lander is clear in his denial that the Ainu have a religion other than that with which the lower animals may be credited, or that they worship anything.

Turning to their physiognomy, of which Mr. Savage Lander's skill has secured some striking examples—from the repulsive maniac to the amorous belle whose Swinburnian gesture-language of caresses and bites, kissing being an unknown art among the Ainu, compelled our bashful traveller to persuade her to return to her hut—we do not find this of the low facial type, with the prognathous jaw, characteristic of the savage. The Ainu are not Mongolians, and nothing certain is known of their original home, but Mr. Savage Lander agrees with other authorities in placing this in Northern Asia, whence they came by way of Sakhalin Island, displacing the stone-using pit-dwellers whose relics occur in Yezo.

All this is most interesting, because it enables us to picture what must have been the general condition of man in prehistoric times. And the value of Mr. Savage Lander's work is enhanced in view of the doom of extinction which awaits the Ainu within fifty years. Incapable of learning anything from civilisation except its worst vices, and yet bound to come into increasing contact with it, their effacement is as certain as it appears to be desirable.

E. C.

\* "Alone with the Hairy Ainu; or, 3800 Miles on a Pack Saddle, and a Cruise to the Kurile Islands," By A. H. Savage Lander. With map and illustrations by the author. London: John Murray.



## THE LATE MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH.

It was with sincere regret I read of the death of Miss Ada Swanborough, after a long and painful illness—a clever lady, whom some of us are



Photo by S. Walker, Cavendish Square, W.

THE LATE MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH.

old enough to associate with the most triumphant burlesque successes of the Strand Theatre. Those who remember the glories of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," "Paris; or, Vive Lemprière," and other, perhaps, judged from our modern standpoint, somewhat old-fashioned burlesques, but burlesques that brimmed over with fun and vivacity, will not forget Miss Ada Swanborough's presence in these merry entertainments. The last time I saw her, now many months ago, she was suffering from rheumatism, but was as full of fun as ever, and laughingly regretted that the painful complaint from which she suffered would handicap her in such a breakdown as she danced in those days when the sprightly Elise Holt (long since dead, I believe) was the most attractive dancer at the Strand. She had great

experience in comedy, as must be confessed by those who saw her play Cicely in "The Heir at Law," Kate in "Old Soldiers," or Mrs. Sutherland in "A Lesson of Love."

Her most recent impersonations were, I fancy, Mrs. Heriot in "Mammon" and a clever rôle in "The Snowball."

Her funeral was attended by many who had often enjoyed the lively wit of the deceased actress, and wreaths from several distinguished members of the profession reminded the family of the high esteem in which Miss Swanborough was held. It is curious to recall the fact that she was very nearly attracted to opera rather than drama, and was offered an engagement in "La Grande Duchesse" at the Lyceum Theatre. Her splendid voice had been affected, however, by throat trouble, and she accordingly remained on the comedy stage. Miss Swanborough had troops of friends, and to the last enjoyed discussing the latest phases of theatrical tastes, which had so changed since the days when London used to be informed that "The proper thing on Sunday is walking in the Zoo."



Photo by Fradelle and Leach, Baker Street, W.

IN THE BURLESQUE OF "THE COLLEEN BAWN."

## ANEMONE.

When Earth was virgin of the sun,  
Ere Spring her maiden course had run,  
While April's golden webs were spun  
On loom of daffodillies;  
When primrose beds were faintly sweet,  
And cool, bird-haunted groves were meet  
For lovers, treading under feet  
Dew-laden valley-lilies;  
When odorous air hung incense-wise  
Between the meadows and the skies,  
And Cain's accepted sacrifice  
Dropp'd balm on lawn and lea,  
I knelt upon the altar stair,  
And vow'd one vow, and breath'd one pray'r,  
And bound to me my child of air,  
Fair-soul'd Anemone.

L. S.

## THE LUCIEN BONAPARTE LIBRARY.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE PRINCE.

Quite the most interesting thing for a while in the world of books is the sale of the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte's library. Many people know the big house with the red slashings and the portico in Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater, where the Prince gathered it together. To him his library was the dearest passion; its collection was his life's work. Born in high



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—L. DAVID.

station, a man of fine intellect, a remarkable student and linguist, he entered upon the making of the library with many advantages. Until the Empire fell he had no need to count the cost. After the Empire no personal sacrifice was too great on his part could he but add something new, something unique, to his loved book-shelves.

Essentially, the library is a philological one, and perhaps such another philological library does not exist. Roughly, it includes at least thirty alphabets, and printed in these alphabets some twenty-five thousand volumes. Of the number of languages and dialects, it can only be said that they are multitude. Strangely enough, it was the study of chemistry in his young days that first turned the attention of the Prince to philology. Desirous of reading a certain work on chemistry, he found that it was only printed in one language, Swedish. He accordingly mastered Swedish, and from Swedish proceeded to other languages, and his idea in starting out to form the library was to show the relationship of languages to each other. The tongue of the Basque provinces had for him a special attraction, and he travelled all through that part of Spain, and made a map of the Basque dialects. He would select given words, get the people of one Basque village to pronounce them, then go on to another village, get the inhabitants of it to do the same, and so discovered the differences in pronunciation.

An amusing illustration of the Prince's tenderness for the Basque language happened once. He had occasion to seek the advice of a very eminent London doctor. He did not send in his name, but the physician promptly recognised him. In order to form an opinion of his patient's state of health, the doctor asked a few questions to test temperament—an amiable trick medical men have sometimes. "May I ask your occupation?" "I am at present," quoth the Prince, "occupied with linguistic studies." "Oh, indeed! And what particular subject are you following?" "I am at present making researches with regard to the Basque language." "Basque!" exclaimed the doctor. "That is some outlandish sort of jargon, is it not?" Up jumped the Prince, full of excitement and rage, and for several minutes the physician had the happiness of knowing what happens when a scholar's favourite study is spoken of with disrespect. "Thank you, Prince Lucien," was the bland comment, after the storm had blown over; "I know now all I want to know about your health." By the time the Prince returned home he was sufficiently recovered from his anger to be able to relate with great gusto the wiggling he had given the doctor.

On another occasion the Prince's devotion to Basque was tried by his own little son. "I have a new Basque dialect for you," the boy said, walking into the room with his hands behind his back. The Prince jumped from his chair, thinking some new work had arrived for him by the post. "What is it? Let me have it at once." "Guess first," said the boy tantalisingly. So the Prince, grimly holding his patience, guessed and guessed, and was woefully disgusted when the lad took his

hands from his back and held out—a piece of an English newspaper. Subsequently, in relating this incident—as he did, for he could tell a story very well—the Prince would laugh heartily.

Ever in his library himself, Prince Lucien was very nervous about anyone else going there. An intimate friend, a foreign philologist, had often expressed a wish to possess a certain work on the Basque language. Of the few known copies the Prince possessed one, and on a particular morning he and his friend had examined it thoroughly, the former with pride, the latter with envy. Next day the book was missing—could not be found anywhere. Greatly against the grain, the Prince found himself driven to the conclusion expressed in the remark to the Princess: “Now, could anyone have believed it of him—so honourable a man in every way except where books are concerned?” Madame would urge that, perhaps, after all, the Prince was mistaken; the book might have been put back in the wrong place. “Not at all, not at all; I put it back myself; he saw me doing it,” the Prince was sure, “and there is its place, and it’s empty.” Well, for some years Prince Lucien was under the belief that his friend’s bibliophile conscience had been too much for that book, but all the volumes in the particular shelf happening to be removed, the work was found to have been accidentally pushed to the back, quite out of sight. Endowed with the kindest of hearts, the Prince could never altogether forgive himself for having misjudged his friend, who, fortunately, however, had been unaware of the suspicion shrouding him.

It is outside the Prince as a philologist, but an entirely laughable *rencontre* he had with a guide at Aberystwith is worth the telling. As usual, he kept a strict *incognito*, and with a small party of friends started off, like every other tourist at Aberystwith, to visit the “Devil’s Bridge.” One of the party forgot a walking staff, and the guide, a good-natured, obliging-like fellow, went for it. Back came the guide with the staff and the exciting information that “Prince Bonaparte and suite” had

arrived in a carriage, and that he, the guide, was to have the honour of showing them about. “Indeed!” remarked Prince Lucien, keeping his countenance perfectly; “and where is Prince Bonaparte now?” “Oh, he is taking some refreshment,” the guide intimated. “Shall we have the pleasure of seeing him?” was Prince Lucien’s next question. “If you don’t



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE LIBRARY, SHOWING A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRINCE.

detain me long,” the gracious response was of the hardy mountaineer, “I shall do my best to let you have a good look at him.” On this the Prince, turning to his friend with a smile in his eye, and pretended indignation on his lips, said, “We, too, are respectable people, and I do not understand why we should be hurried by any prince in the world.” So the party took in the scenery with deliberate slowness, enjoying the while the misery of the guide, filled with professional envy lest another should be chosen to escort “Prince Bonaparte.” Then, after the last waterfall had been “done,” the poor man disappeared in the direction of the hotel as quickly as a stone tumbling down a hill. In the sequel, when all had got back to the hotel, the guide could only put his “tip” and his chagrin together and say they were both substantial.

Shortly after Prince Lucien’s death Mr. Victor Collins was asked to undertake the arrangement of the library, and this work he has now practically finished. The Prince was his own librarian, and arranged his books according to a scheme of languages he had in his mind. Nobody else knew his system of arrangement; he left no kind of key to it. Much as he has done in a comparatively short time, familiar as he has grown with every volume, Mr. Victor Collins yet declares that it would require years and years of labour by, say, quite a batch of Oxford Dons before the library could be catalogued with due exhaustiveness. And the library is for sale. “Go—going—” When it goes—where? Now is the chance for some rich Englishman to make the nation grateful.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

PRINCESS BONAPARTE IN THE LABORATORY.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One of the prettiest and most attractive children's books of the season is "Fairy Tales from the 'Arabian Nights,'" published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. The editor has wisely selected Galland's translation, which he has adapted *virginibus puerisque*. The well-known translations have hardly such a charm for English readers as the older versions.



King Saleh and Prince Beder

From "Fairy Tales from the 'Arabian Nights'" (J. M. Dent and Co.).

But the main feature of the book is the illustrations, which are well imagined and skilfully drawn by Mr. J. D. Batten. Mr. Batten has by no means hit my idea of a roe, though he has given us a ferocious creature enough.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has now completed her new novel, and it will be published in England and America in the spring. "David G. Grieve" has been even more popular in America than "Robert Elsmere," and a very large demand is confidently anticipated for the new book.

Mr. Harold Frederic is bringing out a volume of tales and sketches. They will contain a graphic account of the author's experiences during the period of the Civil War in America.

Two new stories of adventure claim some holiday attention. The one, "A Gentleman of France," by Mr. Stanley Weyman (Longmans), is literature; the other, "The Iron Pirate," by Mr. Max Pemberton (Cassell), if it hardly rises to that level, is notable, nevertheless.

Mr. Pemberton is daring. He asks you to believe in the most extraordinary happenings. If you can't do it, then the book isn't for you; to read on with scepticism in your eyes is not to play the game. If you can believe, or even pretend to, then you'll find the game a very good one, which will keep you excited to the end. To tell the story wouldn't be fair; but one may whet possible readers' curiosity by saying the plot turns on the schemes of one of the most diabolical villains that ever novelist invented, and that he is tracked by noble-minded enthusiasts, who brave perils by fire, by water, by ice, and by cut-throats' knives, in his pursuit. Mr. Pemberton has a great deal of vigour and vivacity, and is clearly marked out to invent thrilling stories of adventure.

"A Gentleman of France" does not contain the same kind of excitement, but it has no lack of interesting incident. Besides, you get from it the satisfaction which every thoroughly well written book has to offer.

Gaston de Marsac, the hero, is a Huguenot soldier of fortune, not over young, very much out-at-elbow, yet with a romantic heart beating in his breast. He is given an exceedingly difficult task to perform—to steal away a beautiful lady from the guardianship of Turenne. Enemies and obstacles spring up on every side, but nothing is quite so aggravating as the capricious temper of the fair lady. How he fulfils his mission and retrieves his fortunes makes a fine brave story, in which there are many strong passages one might point to with admiration. Perhaps the most striking of all is the description of the plague-stricken village. Let us hope Mr. Weyman has many more tales of the kind in store.

It wants some real kinship with Miss Rossetti's mind to rightly illustrate her "Goblin Market." Every time you read it afresh it seems more extraordinary, and it seems more impossible to tell from what point the invention sprang. Yet it is all perfectly coherent, and the artist who would illustrate it has an exceptionally difficult, not an impossible, task. Mr. Housman's pictures to the new edition of "Goblin Market" are marvellous in their imaginative force and in their power of convincing you that just as he sees the goblins so did the poetess conceive them. The book is quite the most remarkable, if not the most popular, of the Christmas gift-books.

The second volume of the new Irish Library (Unwin) is more popular in character than the first. It is Mr. Standish O'Grady's "Bog of Stars," a collection of historical tales and legends of Elizabethan times in Ireland. They are spirited tales of war, personal heroism, and perilous adventure, the sort of thing out of which some future Irish Scott—or, perhaps, Mr. O'Grady himself—will make a new Irish "Tales of a Grandfather." The two most striking are "The Bog of Stars," a singularly poetical legend, and "The Vengeance of the O'Hagans," a story of that terrible kind of vengeance that can wait. There is one scene in it which lies ready for Maeterlinck to dramatise.

That clever young artist, Mr. Angus J. McNeill, whose speciality seems to be the hunting field, has just published, through Messrs. Victor, a series of smart pictorial reminiscences of days "With Horse and Hound in Worcestershire." They are admirably reproduced, and are certain to delight sportsmen.

A new edition of Mr. Samuel H. Miller's admirable "Handbook to the Fenland" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) has just been published. The little book is a model of what such a guide should be. It is chatty, accurate, and concise, containing not a little out-of-the-way information about the Fens, and, withal, it demands our thanks for its alphabetical arrangement.

O. O.



The Sultan's Daughter  
CONTENDS WITH THE GENIE

From "Fairy Tales from the 'Arabian Nights'" (J. M. Dent and Co.).



## A RIDE IN A 'BUS.

The neighbourhood of the People's Palace, in the Mile End Road, may be interesting, but it is certainly not enlivening, especially when, as now, a cold, drizzling sleet commences to fall, and the raw wind whistles



Entering the 'bus.

round one, whipping inside one's upturned collar and up the sleeves of one's coat. There is some consolation in the fact that we are all being served alike as it scurries down the broad thoroughfare, tinting the nose of the strictest of teetotalers till it vies with the hues on that of the most pronounced of "awful examples." The canvas awning of a second-hand furniture shop affords shelter from the sleet until a welcome 'bus heaves in sight. A passing van nearly bowls me over as I scamper out,

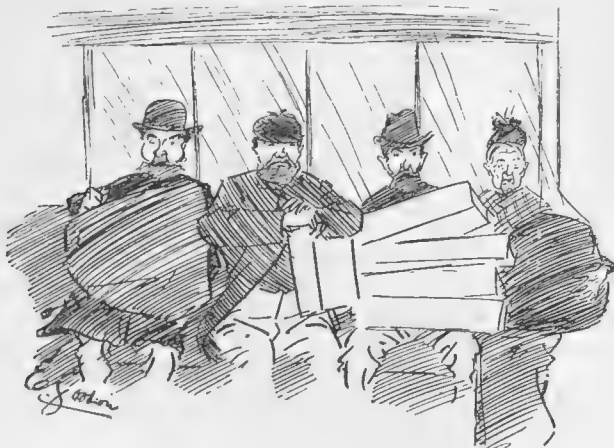


"'Bus full."

and the 'bus passing has gained nearly fifty yards or so before I can again start in pursuit. It is travelling at the smart pace a 'bus always is when you happen to be pursuing it, and the conductor, making no motion to stop it, smiles with serene and interested approval as I come pelting after it down the middle of the Mile End Road. A fast quarter-mile, with a judiciously timed spurt at the finish, lands me, breathless, on the conductor's platform, to be greeted with the information that the 'bus is "full inside." I'm not. It is getting near lunch time, and I am cold and wet and hungry, and I feel that under the circumstances the sooner I get away from Mile End the better. The top of a 'bus, however, in this sort of weather is almost too much for even my

placid good-nature, and I climb the precarious staircase with a vague sense of resentment against the conductor and the company and the passengers inside.

On top three or four men are sitting, huddled up, with heads deep buried in coat-collars, hands in pockets, and as much of their persons as possible sheltered beneath the waterproof seat-covers. One gentleman, gifted with more than average smartness, has appropriated to himself



An inconvenient neighbour.

two or three of these rugs, and, deftly disposing of them about him, sits under them, complacent and dry. I cannot see his head; but it is to be hoped that he is not wearing a top hat. I suppose that the reversal to the first inside seat which shall fall vacant should, by courtesy, pertain to the man who has been longest outside. Self-preservation, however, is

the first law of my nature, and I have already pledged the conductor to let me know when one of those selfish people inside vacates a seat. Thank goodness, I do not have to wait very long. Someone must have skipped off without waiting for the 'bus to be stopped, for before long I receive a poke in the ribs from the conductor's vigorous finger, and on looking round a vague but comprehensive nod in the direction of the desired haven invites me to descend. I feel grateful to him for having attracted my attention so unobtrusively, as I think of the poor drenched mortals outside, any one of whom might very reasonably have claimed a prior right to the inside berth.

Mile End Road is a fine thoroughfare. Higher up, towards Bow, some vague ideas of mine as to its character have already been knocked on the head. Like a good many other people, I had imagined it a slum in the midst of slums, instead of which I had found an excellent broad road, with terraces of solidly respectable-looking houses, standing well back behind trim front gardens, and here and there a dignified house, evidently dating from the time of Queen Anne—or is it Queen Elizabeth?

Just here, however, the houses have given way to shops on both sides of the way. Such a higgledy-piggledy mixture of styles: high shops

and low shops, big windows and small windows, and never more than three together of the same sort. Some are quite old, farmhouse-looking buildings, with gabled roofs and beams built into the walls. They look as if they have been surprised, surrounded, caught, and forcibly converted into shops by the more modern



Huddled up, on top."

erections which jostle them—creations of mongrel style, but with an infinite variety of mongrelism. I am recalled, however, to my immediate surroundings by the corner of one of the oblong packages borne by the passenger on my right, which is endeavouring to insinuate itself into my eye. I wriggle uncomfortably; the owner of the box frowns at me as if I had injured him or insulted his box, and, murmuring a nervous apology, I squeeze a little farther away from him. In some mysterious way he immediately enlarges, and, filling up the extra space, squeezes me still more oppressively, while that confounded box of his, evidently feeling that it has his support, makes erratic jabs at my ear all the rest of the journey.

Up till now we had journeyed along quietly enough, each one glaring blankly before him, and regarding his neighbour, should his glance happen to fall on him, with stony indifference, rising occasionally to suspicion. But now, in a moment, our calm serenity is broken, and by a twofold cause. For one thing, there is an excited wrangle between the conductor and the man with the aggressive parcels as to whether the bepackaged one has paid his fare; and for the other, enter a man in a soaking wet mackintosh. The first incident amuses all the passengers save one; the second, all save two—the two with whom the wet "mack" comes in contact. "I 'ave paid!"

"You 'ave not!" "I 'ave!" "You ain't!" "Tell yer I 'ave!" "Then show yer (adjective) tickit!" Thus swells the wordy warfare on one side. On the other, the man in the mackintosh most unreasonably refuses to remove the offending garment. He appears by his speech to be a north-countryman. "Aw'm gawn tu git aht drackly," he says. "I don' keer abaht that; you tike it orf!" "But aw'm gawn tu git aht drackly." "But, look 'ere, my dear Sir"—this from his other victim. "Yus; yer got no sense! Tyke the thing orf w'en yer arst." But the offender remains obdurate. By this time the air is getting thick. The five disputants are all talking together, and all, I regret to say, are indulging in personalities.

I glance round apprehensively for someone whose strong will shall override this tumult, for I anticipate nothing less than an appeal to arms. But no such catastrophe ensues. The row subsides. The conductor declares his defrauding passenger shall not be permitted to depart until he "pyes," while the man with the "mack" "gits aht" as he had promised, and oppressive silence again settles over us. At various points now the 'bus is stopped to allow of the exit of one or other of the bundles. Then in a few hundred yards we pass from E. to E.C., from Whitechapel to Cornhill, and I quit the 'bus in the heart of the City-man's haunt.



"After the 'bus ride was over."

## INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS STATUES.

## IV.—THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN AND "VICTORY."

Of all the monuments in London, the Duke of York's Column fills me with never-failing wonder. Why any human being should have desired to commemorate that personage in any way is puzzling enough; but to erect a huge pillar, as if to keep folly and fatuity for ever standing conspicuously in the public eye, was certainly one of the most amazing acts



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

of devotion to the principle of monarchy. But, then, the Duke of York was just as worthy of this homage as was his brother George of the dignities which appertained to the title of "First Gentleman in Europe," and of the sentiment that led Sir Walter Scott to treasure the glass out of which he had drunk the King's health, and which, as Thackeray sardonically notes, he put in his pocket and sat on when he got home.

These reflections occur to me every time I mount the steps in front of the Duke's gigantic pedestal. I had reached the top step, the other evening, when I paused and uttered aloud a consoling thought.

"After all, not one person in a thousand knows or cares a button who the Duke of York was, or what he did."

Just then the door in the pillar opened, and there emerged a tall figure, with a lightning-rod sticking upright from his head.

"What's that?" said he. "Nobody cares who I am! You're wrong, young man, and a devilish rude fellow to boot."

"I had not the least idea your Highness could hear me," I stammered.

"How do you manage to—to—"

"Oh, I come down the gallery stair to stretch my legs, by gad! Some official fellows got an inkling I was rather restless, and they stopped the damned public from going up to stare at me."

"Your Highness must forgive me for remarking that the—I beg your pardon—the blanked public subscribed to put you there."

"Did they, now?" said the Duke, who seemed to be much gratified.

"That was vastly obliging. I had much the same idea myself. I don't mind what you said about the people forgetting me. By Jove, there's one who will remember fast enough! I ran across a rum old cock in gaiters the other night. When I slapped him on the back, he bolted into the Athenæum Club, yelling like a damned tomfool."

"It must have been a bishop. I am afraid your Highness scared him. And your hand is rather heavy now."

The next moment I received a violent blow in the side, which nearly turned me sick. My companion was affably digging me in the ribs.

"Hullo!" said he. "Don't stagger like a damned chicken. You should have been with me in the Netherlands, by gad! That would have made a man of you."

"Did it make a victorious hero of your Highness?" I asked.

"Humph! What the devil d'ye mean by that?"

"Nothing, but malicious people have said that your great and glorious expeditions came to grief."

"I know 'em," cried the Duke, stamping his foot till I thought he would crack it. "They're Wellington's friends. They're the men who sent that fellow to Spain, where he took seven years to finish a war I'd have settled in seven months. I had damned ill-luck, mind you, but it was only his cursed good fortune that saved him. And they gave him a statue, on horseback, by gad! with a cocked hat, and they stick me on an infernal pillar, with nothing on my head but this damned rod."

"The rod is useful," I ventured to observe. "I have heard it said that in your Highness's case—well—"

"Out with it, man. It's something cursed unpleasant, I'll wager."

"Well, they say you must have found it serviceable as a file for unpaid bills."

"Bills, by Jove! The Duchess never paid anybody. She spent her nights at cards and her days with monkeys. She knew no more about the value of money than a dashed chimpanzee."

"Perhaps your Highness will allow that Mrs. Clarke knew the value of money pretty well?"

"It's like your confounded impudence to mention that lady's name," fumed the statue. He was quiet for a moment, muttering to himself; then suddenly slapping his leg with a sound like falling bricks, he broke out, "But a devilish fine woman, say what they will! She played the deuce with me, but when was there a woman worth her salt who didn't play the deuce? What are they for, eh? They charm us and cheat us, every Eve's daughter among 'em! Look at George! He had the devil of a time with Mrs. Fitz. She couldn't hold a candle to Mrs. C. George was envious, by gad! and one night—"

I blush to say that the ensuing anecdote is not fit for print, except in memoirs sold to subscribers with surreptitious engravings in boxes.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

STATUE OF "VICTORY."

By this time we had strolled across Pall Mall and stood in front of the Crimean Memorial, or, rather, of its site, for, as I rubbed my eyes in amazement, the Duke remarked with a chuckle—

"She's off again."

Now, for many years I had been accustomed to admire the statuesque lady in Waterloo Place who stands with wreaths of glory in her hands, surrounded by devoted British soldiers who shed their blood at the Alma and Inkerman. But what could I make of her now? Her

pedestal was vacant, and in the open space behind I perceived her in the act of throwing her laurels at the attendant Guardsmen, who sometimes caught them on their bearskins, and sometimes missed the catch, and rolled about with the greatest indignity. When this happened, Victory broke into a peal of laughter.

"You silly old son of a sentry-box," she shouted, "you might as well be under ground for all the good you are. Look alive!" And another wreath came hurtling through the air, and hit a warrior on the nose, whereupon Victory plumped down on the ground and fairly shrieked with mirth.

"May I ask your Highness to introduce me?" I whispered.

"No good," he said, with a sigh; "she always cuts me dead."

"Perhaps she has a vindictive recollection of Walcheren," I suggested.

Just then she caught sight of us, and in an instant the soldiers closed round her and grounded their muskets with a clang.

"Shoulder ar-rms!" cried the Duke, in a melancholy tone. They obeyed. "Present ar-rms!" Still they obeyed.

"Drilling is not conquering," said a cold, stately voice. "Your Highness must excuse me."

Suddenly the air was filled with music, and to the strains of "The British Grenadiers" Victory and her escort marched to the pedestal.

I never saw a statue so broken down as the Duke was at that moment. Huge tears coursed upon his stony cheek, making great tracks of dirty white. They moved me to pity; but not me alone. Turning her head, Victory saw those tears and relented. Swiftly she retraced her steps, and, lifting her skirt, she disclosed an ankle shapely though large, and, with an agility perfectly astounding in a woman of her weight, she elevated a foot and touched the Duke on the very tip of his lightning-rod.

"Will your Highness dance," she said, with a winning smile, "to the memory of old battle-fields?"

"By gad, Madam," was the reply, "I will dance till I crumble!" And, tucking up his martial cloak, he cut a caper as high as the first-floor window of a firm of ecclesiastical publishers.

L. F. A.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," and this old prophecy is sure to have its fulfilment as long as influenza is a yearly visitant. Does the bracing cold of orthodox winter kill the germ of the epidemic, or strengthen the system to resist it? In any case, the moist, mild Christmas weather we have had will not suffice to kill a single bacillus—or, indeed, anything stronger than a human being.

We call ourselves lords of creation, and yet we cannot guard against the mechanical hostility of the infinitesimal. A bacillus is not malignant, except in a medical sense; it has merely faculties of nutrition and multiplication, like any other member of the proletariat. Suspended in air or floating in water, it meets ninety-nine out of a hundred men, enters their system, and dies or lives on harmless and inert. The hundredth man presents the favourable conditions, and the invading germ fortifies itself in a corner of the body and sends forth unnumbered hosts of bacilli to overcome the resistance of the defensive army.

Physically, we are, as some eminent scientist has remarked, rather generals of a vast army than single individuals. Nay, some have doubted whether there be really any single Napoleon of a personality to command the Grand Army of living cells and corpuscles, or whether what we take for our will may not be the decision of a sort of council of war of brain cells. Under the direction of a single commander or of the Staff go on the ceaseless obscure struggles that make up the sum of what we call life.

The French of the lower classes have, in some parts of the country, a singular explanation of certain ailments. They say, "*Ce sont les vers et le sang qui se battent.*" Can this be merely popular superstition, or have they picked up some confused notions of the battles between bacilli and blood corpuscles? I remember reading a description of these fights which was positively thrilling. It was the work of one of those masters of modern fiction, the advertisers of patent medicines; but it was almost Homeric, as it told how bacillus poisoned phagocyte and phagocyte stifled bacillus. What a topic for Mr. Rider Haggard to describe! He would positively revel in the subject, for hitherto, though he has represented his combatants as gory, he has not risen to the height of imagining these as themselves gore.

But I fear that such subjects are too poetical for the most sanguinary of our story-tellers. Probably, the novelist in question will go on dealing with the more slaughterous nations of the world in succession. Zulus he has given us in great plenty, and antique Icelanders, and now

Aztecs; perhaps, we may look for Huns and Tartars and other swarms of human locusts to figure in his next tales. Unfortunately, the "Truceless War" of the mercenaries with Carthage has been long ago usurped and annexed by Flaubert, and to him who has steeped his soul in the carnage of Salammbô the Haggard Rider at his bluffest will seem insufficiently murderous.

Will some master of style arise and give us a bit of the real Middle Ages? We are gradually winning to a clearer conception of those strange times, but we do not get deep down to their very life—nor would the result always be pleasant if we did. Mr. Stevenson might have once given us more than a brilliant Mediæval sketch or two had he bent himself to the work, for such a mere race of adventure as "The Black Arrow" begins with one of the best chapters of an historical novel that was ever thrown away on a boy's book. When will a novelist give us in prose some such studies of the real Mediæval blending of mysticism and brutality as may be found in that strange volume, Mr. William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere"?

For, it is not enough—it is very far from enough—to put modern men and women into antique costumes and trust to a seasoning of "marry-come-up" and "forsooth" to give the due flavour. We must get the men and women of the past age, with their ignorance of all that we know, their knowledge of much of which we are ignorant, their religious orthodoxy and moral laxity, and all the almost numberless characteristics in which they differ from ourselves; and we must have these persons so presented that we shall feel their living reality, and know that such characters, so informed and placed, would have acted no otherwise than we are told—all which is admittedly a large order: wherefore is the historical novel one of the hardest and least-rewarding forms of literary industry.

And yet there are not a few distinguished writers in this field. Dr. Conan Doyle gave touches of the true historical novel in his "White Company," and more in "The Refugees," and now that Sherlock Holmes is definitely dead we may expect that his place will be taken by someone from an older century. Again, Mr. Weyman has shown that he knows his sixteenth century like a book, and but for a certain modern shrinking from horrors and atrocities might be trusted altogether to give us France as she was in the Wars of Religion.

MARMITON.

## THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

THE JANUARY NUMBER IS NOW READY.

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PRICE SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen, according to present arrangements, is to leave Windsor Castle for the Continent on Tuesday, March 20, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The royal party will proceed from Windsor to Portsmouth, embarking there for Cherbourg on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. From Cherbourg her Majesty will proceed direct to Florence by way of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, Genoa, and Pisa, reaching the City of Flowers on the evening of Thursday, the 22nd. The royal journeys have, for some years now, always been made *via* Cherbourg, in consequence of the Queen of the Belgians having greatly offended her Majesty by snubbing the late John Brown. Formerly the Queen invariably travelled *via* Belgium and the Rhine, but the Brown episode caused the alteration to be made, and it has, so far, been strictly adhered to.

The Queen has entirely given up her old custom of attending service at Whippingham Church, and a royal chaplain is now always "commanded" to attend at Osborne each Sunday, in order to officiate in the private chapel, which was fitted up at Osborne House some four years ago. The journey down to Osborne in the depth of winter is rather a trial to the royal chaplain, but the principal sufferer by the new order of things is the Rector of Whippingham, who in old days was brought into constant communication with the Queen, and during her residence in the Isle of Wight had practically sole spiritual charge of the royal conscience. On Christmas Day the Rev. Clement Smith, Vicar of Newport, officiated in the private chapel at noon and preached the sermon, with which her Majesty was much pleased.

The annual distribution of swans has just been made among the members of the Royal Family and the few privileged personages entitled to share in this high honour. Some two dozen swans are taken from the Thames every Christmas, and of these the Queen has four, the Prince of Wales two, and the other members of the Royal Family and the favoured few one each.

I hear that it is quite possible that the Duke of York will, in a few months, replace Lord Houghton as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Houghton has long wanted to resign, as his position, with the existing boycott, is most unpleasant. Even the persuasive eloquence of Mr. Gladstone would have failed to keep him "in line" if it did not, fortunately, happen that Lord Crewe, his maternal uncle, from whom he has "great expectations," highly approves of the pomp and state of his nephew's position, and will not hear of his resignation. Of course, with the Duke of York as a substitute, this objection would disappear.

The correspondent of an evening paper has been lamenting the disappearance of that nocturnal visitor, the Christmas wait. As far as my experience goes, his jeremiad seems a little premature. In London during the week before Christmas my watches of the night were twice disturbed—or enlivened—by the advent of those musicians for whose efforts the old lady immortalised by *Punch* mistook the love-making of certain members of the feline race; while on Christmas Eve, within a few yards of the sounding sea (which sounded to some purpose lashed by a gale from the south-west), the waits outblew old Boreas himself. I heard them comfortably under the bed-clothes, and saw them, uncomfortably, for one brief moment as they clustered under a lamp on the wind-swept sea-front. Then they disappeared round a corner, and, like Bunyan's Christian, "behold! I saw them no more"—at least, till Boxing Day morning.

It was on the summer-like morning of the Christmas Bank Holiday of 1893, when the sun was as warm and the sea as blue as they ought to be in May, that I again encountered my friends the waits. Weather-beaten Sussex men were they, and their venerable leader seemed flattered when I told him how he and his merry men had roused me from my slumbers. "It blew so hard," I said, "I wonder that I heard you." "Ay, it blowed 'ard, surely," he answered, "but we blowed 'arder. We knows *our* business, we does" (this seemed a reflection on the clerk of the weather), "and I've blowed him" ("him" was his cornet) "on every Christmas Eve for fifty year." He was a splendid blower, and blew his own trumpet, not unwetted by good Sussex ale, for a long half-hour.

The lively port of Queenstown has been thrown into a state of excitement, sympathy, and ferment over the maimed and battered condition of H.M.S. Resolution, which put into port on the Saturday before Christmas in a terrible plight from severe stress of weather. Notwithstanding the landward longings of officers and men, however, none were permitted ashore, except a few who were on special duty. I hear that the fair maids of the Cove of Cork were disappointed at not being able to play the part of *consolatrix afflictorum* to these wind-tossed mariners or exchange Platonic greetings over Christmas cheer. With tons of water in the hold and other items of import to consider, the officers certainly had other responsibilities to wrestle with than flirtations and fencings with Hibernian hamadryads. If the water had got in at the port-holes nothing could have saved the good ship. Immense quantities got below through the heavy seas which constantly broke over the decks; indeed, notwithstanding the extreme reticence which has been preserved, it is sufficiently well known that the crew generally think they have had a narrow squeak of it. Her Majesty's battleships have been changing their luck lately, somehow, and it seems as if the waves were beginning to dispute Dame Britannia's old-established "rule"—which is certainly very unbecoming of them.

By the death of Henry Pettitt the stage has lost a most prolific and successful playwright, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances a right good fellow. As far as I am aware, Mr. Pettitt never tried his hand at dramatic work such as some of our playwrights are fond of publishing in book form and labelling "Literature." Some years ago I met poor Pettitt in the great wilderness behind the scenes at Drury Lane, when a work of his was in active rehearsal. In the course of conversation I remember asking him whether he had ever contemplated a different class of stage work, and he answered that he "had often contemplated, but never accomplished it. Indeed, this sort of thing," waving his hand towards the rehearsing company, "is what my public like: why should I alter it?" "At any rate," I rejoined, "you find it a financially successful line." "Yes," he replied, "I can't complain, but, then, all my family make money, and all invariably lose it. You'll see I shall die insolvent." I doubt, however, if genial Harry Pettitt has fulfilled his prophecy.

In the pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, Isa Bowman (not Empsie, as was stated in our last issue) plays the part of Little Red Riding Hood; Empsie Bowman represents Robin Goodfellow, and her sister Maggie is Margery Daw.

Those who have been to see "Robinson Crusoe" at Drury Lane Theatre will be glad to see a sketch of Mr. John D'Auban, whose eccentric athletics provoke much laughter. With Mr. Fred Storey, he



MR. JOHN D'AUBAN.

NOW PERFORMING IN DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

may be truthfully described as a "leg-maniac." He has been a favourite with the public ever since his first appearance, for the reason that he is never content with his performances, but is always anxious to add to his laurels.

"Little Christopher Columbus," at the Lyric, has entered its second edition. Mr. John F. Sheridan and Mr. E. J. Lonnen now sing a burlesque duet by the "Sisters Giggles," a rather caustic piece of satire on the music-hall profession, which, however, has not a very sensitive epidermis. The whole performance boasts an unflagging succession of humours, to which Mr. Lonnen's contributions are simply bewildering in their variety. The disguises assumed by this indefatigable comedian, who ranges from the pretended Spanish Governor of Cadiz to the typical Irish labourer of Chicago, are, after all, only a small proportion of his versatility. But the chief charm of "Little Christopher Columbus" is still the personality of Miss May Yohé. Her contralto voice has a richness most refreshing to an ear too often split by the soprano of the "variety" stage. The "Siesta" ballad and the "Plantation Song" are sung with real delicacy of feeling, and the pranks of the cabin-boy are full of vivacity which never for a moment sinks into a mere vulgar romp.

It has been said that "they manage these things better in France," but with regard to the experiments with those "pretty little tiny kickshaws," explosive bombs, the truth of the adage seems more than doubtful. I remember, years ago, at the time of our own dynamite scare, that they tried the effect of a bomb taken from one of the Irish dynamiters in a chamber where were seated in solemn and silent conclave effigies of the various members of the Cabinet. The effects were disastrous in the extreme, and the last state of those effigies was considerably worse than the first; indeed, as an Irish dynamiter might have said, had they been alive they would all have been dead. In Paris they have tried a somewhat similar experiment with a facsimile of an Anarchist bomb on some score or so of wretched homeless dogs. The result was death and terrible mutilation. The dogs, at any rate, could say these things were better arranged in perfidious Albion.

It is well for the peace of mind of Dom Pedro de Alcantara that he has not become Emperor of Brazil, as was rumoured the other day. The republic is still in the throes of revolution; in fact, it never seems to be happy unless it is struggling in civil war, which rarely emerges



DOM PEDRO DE ALCANTARA.

Photo by Petit, Paris.

from the state of mere mimicry. The youth who was named as Emperor is a grandson of the unfortunate Dom Pedro II., whose admirable reign was rewarded with expulsion. The late Emperor's daughter married the Comte d'Eu, a grandson of Louis Philippe. Their son, now in his nineteenth year, is a student in a military college in Austria, where he is probably a great deal happier than he would be on a throne where obedience would be paid him for about the same length of time as it was paid to Sancho Panza.

Ladies, whether of the *beau monde* or the ballet, who have a failing for diamonds should not wear these sparkling gauds in the street after dark. A sensational episode occurred in Paris a night or two since, when a young lady of the Opéra Comique, on leaving the theatre for her home, was knocked down by a swashbuckler of the Boulevards, who endeavoured to strangle her while he annexed her diamond earrings. Thanks to a well-developed glottis, however, Mdlle. Darantot made herself heard in time to save the earrings, and so escaped with no further casualty than a severe nerve-shaking. The incident may, however, serve as a warning to unsuspecting women who constantly place themselves in similar risk by wearing jewels in the street on these dark winter afternoons and evenings. I frequently see two or three ladies leave the theatre together who would be easy prey for the prowler, and often wonder that, when going without masculine escort—as more often happens in London than Paris—they do not leave their adornments at home and rest content with their attractions.

From Melbourne a correspondent writes: One of the most delightful functions of Cup week took place at Cliveden, Sir William and Lady Clarke's handsome town residence, when, by invitation of the popular hostess, a number of young people assembled to enjoy a pleasant evening. About four hundred guests were present, for which number the small ball-room, or banquet hall, was used. The spacious reception rooms of Cliveden, with their luxurious appointments, are in themselves an interesting pleasure to visitors, and on this occasion the scene was made more than usually brilliant by the magnificent floral decorations. In every available corner lovely spring blooms were to be seen, while the corridors and halls looked like fairy bowers, so profusely were they adorned with delicate pink geranium, roses, pot plants, and fern. The Government House party were all present, and the magnificent diamonds worn added considerably to the beauty of the surroundings. The hostess received her guests in the large drawing-room, and wore a handsome white satin brocade, charmingly finished with double zouaves of network in gold bullion passementerie, and broad draped belt of amethyst velvet; coronet of diamonds and necklace of the same brilliant stones completed a becoming toilette. Lady Duff wore white silk with Pompadour design. There were also present Lord and Lady Glasgow, Lady and Miss Norman, Sir Robert Duff, Sir George Baillie, and the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Carington.

The Belgian Royal Library has just acquired some exceedingly interesting documents. These are four letters of Rubens, written in Italian, a language he frequently used in his correspondence. Altogether, apart from the distinguished painter who indited them, these letters are of importance from their subject-matter also. They are addressed to Peter van Veen, lawyer and pensionary of the Hague, and one of the brothers of the master of Rubens, Otto van Veen. In them Rubens inquires with respect to the permission which he was desirous of obtaining for the sale in Holland of engravings executed from his works, and in one of the letters he encloses a list of these engravings, eighteen in number. The great painter seems to have set his heart upon obtaining the necessary permission.

A most commendable notion is that which provides ladies of limited means with the opportunity of taking thorough change by means of the various "Homes of Rest" which have lately been established in several well-known health resorts, both at home and abroad. There is a well-supported institution of this sort at Pau for English ladies, whose slender resources would not allow them to go so far afield without the timely and welcome help extended by this most practical and excellent charity. To assist the good cause several well-known amateurs got up a concert lately, which proved to be a distinct draw, every seat being engaged days beforehand. Mr. and Mrs. Claud Ponsonby, Earl Russell, Miss C. Pontifex, and several other talented young people accounted for a capital programme. Mark Ambient's quaintly worded quartet, "Tittle-Tattle," to which Mr. Claud Ponsonby set the music, was the "hit" of the evening. Miss Berners gave the use of her charming salons at the Villa des Tours, so the expenses were trifling, and a nice little sum has been handed over to the charity, which may enable a few less fortunately placed women to spend some life-giving weeks in this most favourite of all winter places. Kindness is never more kind than when bestowed on those who have known better days.

That happy-souled writer who declared in a recent article that "digestion" under the fortuitous aid of well-boiled plum-pudding might rise from the Christmas dinner as beaming and bright as the lark from his primrose-bed must surely have been a woman—a charming, inconsequent woman, let me imagine, having no personal acquaintance with her liver, and ignorant enough to mix water with her '84 Pommery, as I have occasionally seen the sex do. But, for all these primrose imaginings, there is absolutely no dalliance permitted with the various national horrors which we all conscientiously consume on the great feast of Christmas. If a personal experience will not prove wearisome, let me hold myself up as a warning. Being a bachelor, I went to some hospitable friends. We sat down twenty-five. Beginning with an anchovy, I gradually approached salmon. The sirloin was done; the turkey was tried, intermediate game stages, and then the pudding. I let myself be coaxed into trying it; then a mince pie for luck, ice pudding as an irritant, *punch romain* as a corrective, and so it went on. The ladies ate away quite happily: it is a feature of up-to-date woman. But for me, as the Frenchman said, I felt *triste*, and the *tristesse* developed on Boxing Day into gout, and on the day after into dyspepsia, and after that I went to a doctor. We all—I say all—eat too much at Christmas, and the poet who talked of primroses and larks and such like was the sole cause of leading me astray. One must never be sanguine over pudding.

Not many of those outside the inner ring of the sporting fraternity who used to admire the wonderful form and nerve with which Louis Tubœuf rode his races knew that all the time this Spartan jockey was suffering the horrid pangs of a fatal internal malady, even while he urged his gee-gee with whip and voice to victory. Tubœuf, who has just succumbed to his illness, used to coolly discuss with his friends latterly the chances of living to win another race. No fewer than eighteen Turf victories fell to his share in '93, and it is told of him that a few days before he finally took to bed he went round to Mandarin II.'s stable and took leave of the gallant little nag which had brought him fourteen times first to the winning-post within eight months. There was no lack of grit in this trainer of trotters.

## AN ADONIS OF THE SAWDUST.

From the artisan with his orange in the sixpenny seats, where the tan flies in clouds, to the children leaning on their broad sashes from the boxes, there is a packed audience in Wulff's Circus at Hengler's. The band is playing its wildest, most rapid gallop with a clash of cymbals and a shout of brass; four liveried attendants have rushed in and spread a snowy carpet, scarlet-bordered, with the initials "M. W." in the corners, and from that



MANUEL WOODSON.

dark, mysterious gateway that admits so much excitement to the ring there flashes something slight and bright and red—something that pauses for a second with opened arms, poised toe, and dark face cut by a smile that has a touch of fire in its conventionality; only a second, and then, vivid upon the carpet, like a handful of Indian chillies tossed upon a plate, knots and ties, loops and loosens, twirls and spins the "Blitzmensch."

Lightning, indeed, red lightning, playing fitfully in fantastic forks to the time of the wild gallop and clash of the mad cymbals; something one has never seen before; something that gives no sickening shudder, as does every other being who contorts his body to weird shapes; something that is too graceful to be detained in the Brocken, something sufficiently fascinating to have come from the Venusberg.

For a moment one can only look delightedly at the masterly ease with which this lurid being resolves himself, with the roundness and

continuity of poured water, from one position to another. For a moment he pauses, smiling, to take breath, his leg draped negligently round his neck, his dark face twinkling with enjoyment of his own frolics, then folds his hands and sinks backwards at a supremely charming curve, his spine working like a string of beads dangled from the hand, down and up again in one complete sweep—perhaps his prettiest trick.

Calm reflection showed me that here was something remarkable among—well, it is hard to use the odious word contortionists. That a man should have the skill and training to so command his muscles; that his development should be tall and statuesque instead of squat and unsightly; that he should revel in these difficult postures and have had the taste to present none of the loathsome features such a performance usually includes to a public which turns terrified away, in the fear that each moment the performer will "break"—these things showed me that here was no ordinary artiste, and I determined to seek him out and hear something of his methods and ideas.

Dim and dusty is a circus in the morning about eleven o'clock. The top windows have been opened; a few members of the band, in overcoats, are fluttering their numbers of the score and encouraging their instruments to remarks both dismal and disconnected. In the ring, the big horse with his tail knotted neatly out of the way is practising his *pas barrés* and *pas de Basque*.

Now and then the whip spits in the air, harmlessly, like a toy revolver, and the "Yup!" and "*Allez!*" of the ring-master cuts the prevailing fog. But I had not come to watch the horses, and I dodged dexterously between the brooms of brawny "chars," who were making the orange-peel skip along the red-baize corridors, and found my friend Manuel Woodson, gleaming at eyes and teeth in the dark corner of a private box, like some friendly half-shy woodland thing whose home is a hollow tree.

"But, oh, you are too kind," he said, in genuine deprecation of my opening remarks, and with that decidedly charming foreign accent that long sojourns abroad induce. "For my performance—it is nothing at all. Unless you are so good to call graceful, it is nothing. Quick? Yes; I work quicker than any other contortionist has ever done before; they cannot do those tricks—as you say, sickening—so quick as I can do mine. But mine are not so hard as theirs. I have done some of that 'close bending,' but the public does not like it; it makes people nervous, and one must do it more slowly. Now, I love to perform quick; so long as there is a good gallop playing and my carpet is spread clean and even I go on; I do not see whether there is anyone in the circus or not. I enjoy my work, and it is the quick way I do that, as we say, sells the performance."

"Quite true; and I notice that you do not call yourself a contortionist."

"Oh, that would never do; the public will not look at contortionists any more; the 'Human Serpent' and the rest they do not like. Directors (managers) will not have them in their rings. You want an engagement, you go to an agent. . . . Now, I will tell you, Madame, what happen to me. You have heard of Roscinski. No? He was the greatest agent in Paris—he was agent for everywhere. I go to him, I say, 'I want an engagement.' He says, 'What is your line?' I tell him; then he says, 'Contortionist? Get out!' But I am the only contortionist that has performed in the Hippodrome. When Roscinski would not look at me I went to a second-rate circus in Paris—you will not have heard, no—the Cirque Fernando. I performed there, and would not fix my salary till I had performed. I had a big success, and then I said I wanted 30 francs a night; that is very little, you know, but the Cirque Fernando, well—the director of the Nouveau Cirque saw me, and at once engaged me there. At the Hippodrome I did not like. It is too large for a single performer: we were lost there, I and my carpet."

"And what is the biggest salary you have ever drawn?" I asked, forgetting the scarlet creature in the man with overcoat, top hat, and patent leathers.

"I have had 80 marks—that is, £4—a night during one engagement." I gasped.

"Well, I can't think what you do with so much money; I hope you save it up," I said, with affectionate solicitude.

A curious smile, the smile of a child that has been naughty, lit up the face of Manuel from Missouri.

"Now I am more careful—now I am married. It was my director helped me to get married. I used to be very thoughtless; I was always buying new costumes—I am very particular about my costumes. If my shoes do not match my tights I could not perform. My two chairs, my carpets, have to be perfect. When this white carpet is dirty I shall have a soft brown one; my chairs will match it in brown plush, my costume will be a contrast. I have spent £80 on a carpet once. It was woven for me in France specially, and with lovely colours and gold thread. And I used to live at the best hotels and go to the most expensive restaurants"—a note of excited recollection rang in his voice—"I used to think—well, one is only young once . . . but now I am married."

"And do you think such work as yours affects the health? You began, of course, when you were a mere infant?" I asked, after a tribute to the universality of human feeling in all sorts of men, contortionists and others.

"No; I did not start till I was nearly fourteen. I am twenty-eight now. Oh, it is healthy work mine, very healthy. I have suffered from cold lately—that has interfered a little with my performance; but every day I am better and stronger and can perform quicker, though you have never seen me perform real quick yet. Oh, it's very good for one, my work."

M. M. D.



## THE ARDLAMONT CASE.

## CHAPTER V.—THE CONCLUSION.

The uneventful trial came to the same conclusion that everyone expected after the first few days. Never was there a case of such magnitude and so little excitement. A few squabbles on questions of admissibility of evidence and a severe rebuke to the defence for not showing its cards to the prosecution were all that occurred in the way of incident during the

ten-days' investigation. Yet, the case had a certain fascination, because all the time one was expecting something to happen. The verdict will probably cause some derision in foreign countries; even in England a few people are saying that it is so very Scotch, so drily humorous to have the fifteen men listening all those weary hours to the evidence—to evidence reported by the *Scotsman* in 346,000 words—and in the end making up their minds that they could not make them up at all.

Indeed, the results of the trial seem strange: the prisoner has been found to be



MRS. HAMBROUGH (FROM A MINIATURE).

neither innocent nor guilty, yet it appears that, having "tholed his assize," he can never be tried again, though some say the point is doubtful; "Scott" is an outlaw; the country and Monson's relatives have very heavy bills to pay; and Major Hambrough is entitled to the £20,000 of insurance money, which the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York will pay with great reluctance. Still, even if one is disposed to jest at the cautious verdict, it is almost certain that the issue of the trial, had it occurred in England, would not have been more satisfactory. The Scotch jury were unanimous in their want of an opinion, and, probably, an English jury would have reached the same result by disagreeing, in consequence of which the affair must have been taken all over again.

The truth is that one cannot be surprised that the tribunal, under such an awful responsibility, simply asked itself whether the evidence of the prosecution had any flaws, and did not inquire whether the case of the defence could be considered even plausible. This, of course, has always been the view of the English law, and, indeed, as a strange logical deduction, witnesses were not allowed to speak for the defence in capital cases until the time of the unhappy Mary the First, who, out of her natural humanity, enjoined Sir Richard Morgan, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, to permit them to be heard, but not on oath. This poor Queen—the "Bloody Mary" of the public voice—it was who, in the preamble to her first statute, declared "that the state of every King consists more assuredly in the love of the subject towards their prince than in the dread of laws made with rigorous pains, and that laws made for the preservation of the commonwealth without great penalties are more often obeyed and kept than laws made with extreme punishments."

No doubt, the case presented on both sides had its curious gaps, though it is noteworthy that in what one Scotch paper calls "a masterly address for the defence" the judge confined himself almost exclusively to pointing out the weak spots in the evidence of the Crown. Perhaps the gap through which the prisoner got was in the point connected with the insurance. The motive was almost established, but it was an almost. That £20,000 insurance, taken out after

the end of the negotiations authorised by Major Hambrough (which, while still pending, might have explained it), effected in a hurry, paid for with money obtained under false pretences, and assigned to Mrs. Monson for considerations which, to say the least, were inadequate, seemed a convincing matter, save that it was doubtful whether the prisoner believed the assignment to be valid. If he did not, then he was aware that by Cecil's death he would be a heavy loser—he would be killing the goose with the golden eggs, knowing that the carcass of the auriferous bird possessed no value. On the other hand, if he thought it good, then—well, one can but say that many a murder has been committed for a tenth of the sum at stake. In an interview since the trial, Monson has said, "I knew perfectly that the assignation of the policy to me by a young man under age was worthless." But he does not explain why, knowing this, he took it; nor did his counsel, nor even the ingenious judge, offer a satisfactory explanation. Nevertheless, the jury, no doubt, came to the conclusion that a person so accustomed to curious financial transactions, and so long acting in relation to a minor, must have known that the assignment of the policy was invalid; consequently, there would be the fatal, or rather vital, gap in the evidence as to motive.

It may be guessed that, despite the conflict of experts, the jury believed that the death was not accidental. Had they any belief that it might have been self-inflicted, then, looking at the weak points in the Crown's case, a verdict of "Not guilty" must have come. It is possible on this head that the smartness of the defence in not allowing their chief witness to be "precognosed" nullified his evidence. His testimony seemed to invalidate the results of some of the Crown's experiments, and the jury may well have thought that he was kept back in order to trick the prosecution, and prevent the truth from coming out. Armed with his proof, Messrs. Macnaughton, Littlejohn, &c., could have made experiments identical with those of Dr. Saunders, and then, instead of conflicting views on most points connected with the shooting, the jury would have had simply the scientific truth to deal with. The tactics adopted may, perhaps, have lessened the chance of a verdict of "Guilty," but also made a clean acquittal less probable than otherwise it might have been.

No doubt, the Scott mystery had a great effect on the minds of the jury, though whether his absence fought against or for Monson it is hard to guess. As often happens, the evidence in relation to him was Janus-faced, and, seeming to look equally towards guilt and innocence, as a result pointed to the "betwixt and between" verdict, "Not proven." It appeared utterly improbable that he should have been brought to Scotland to aid in a crime that could be committed as easily by one as by two, and, on the other hand, the falsehood and mystery cast over the truth give everyone the idea that for grave reasons a great deal has been kept back. Of course, it is almost certain that if the man is still alive he will soon be found, but one can hardly say with confidence whether he will be arrested. He has been outlawed, and, though indicted, has not been actually tried, and so has not "tholed his assize."

A curious point exists also in relation to the insurance for £20,000. The premium has been paid, but not by the hapless insuree, nor even on his behalf, so the defence suggests. Now, at English law there is always grave doubt as to the force of what is called a *res inter alios*. Can the administrator of Cecil Hambrough avail himself of a payment made by the bank at the request of Mrs. Monson on the strength of a subsequently dishonoured cheque obtained under false pretences? Apparently, the premium, if technically paid at all, was paid after the invalid assignment to Mrs. Monson, and, therefore, not by, nor on behalf of, poor Cecil. The question arises as to whether the bank has not a good defence on the policies.

Possibly, then, more light may yet be thrown on the case, which, though most people have formed decided views about it, at present contains several strange, deep mysteries: which discloses a lamentable tale of undignified poverty, shameful financial expedients, and social life beyond even the imagination of most of us: which, in its indecisiveness, leaves a cruel stain on the man charged with the offence that he should be the first to attempt to remove, by bringing the truth to the top of the well, if he has justly escaped conviction.

E. F. S.



MRS. HAMBROUGH AND SON.

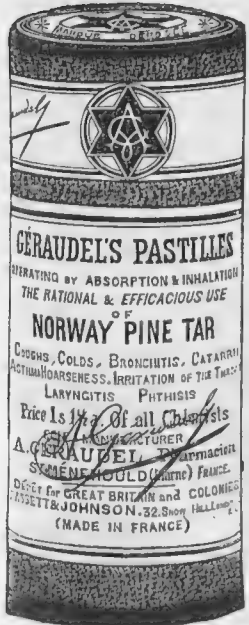


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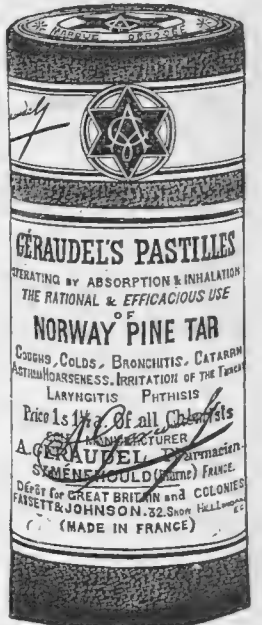
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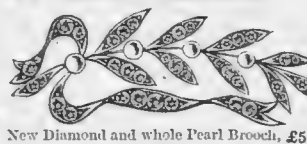
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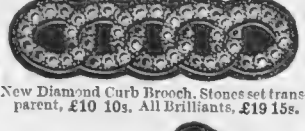
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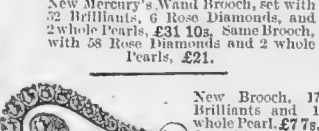
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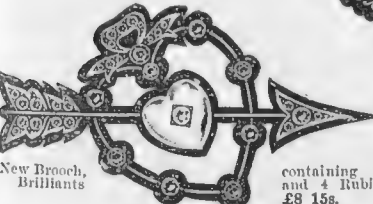


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## IMPRISONED ON A SHIP.

The steam-ship *Normannia*, from Hamburg, arrived in the port of New York on Saturday, Sept. 3, 1892, with cases of cholera on board. Many of the ship's company had died on the passage. At Hamburg, and elsewhere in Europe, the disease was raging. The authorities in America were alarmed lest the scourge should be introduced into that country. Hence they quarantined the *Normannia* with every soul of her passengers and crew. The writer was a passenger. It was an awful time. Death was among us, and on all sides of us. Nobody knew who next would fall. We were imprisoned. Liberty never seemed so fair, *nor so far*. We could neither fight nor fly. There we were—hundreds of us—*perfectly well*, and yet bound together as with chains, that the health officer of the port might see whether the plague would not yet break out in our midst. When at last, after weeks of this, we were set on shore, men lifted their hats, and reverently said, "*Thank God!*"

This was being shut up under conditions to make it horrible and fearful. Yet any form of incarceration is bad enough. Here is a woman, for example, who says, "*I never moved a yard from my own doorstep for twenty weeks!*" Her own house was a prison to her. Who had sentenced her? A judge? No; a power greater and more pitiless than any judge.

Her tale runs thus: In April 1882, whilst living at Lasher's Farm, Old Sampford, Essex, a fire broke out, and the family were burned out of

house and home. We have no call to remark on such a calamity. The very thought of it is fit to make one shiver with dread. For most of us it is like the world coming to an end to experience such a disaster.

Well, what happened after that, the lady shall tell in her own fashion—the best of all fashions, because it is plain and straight to the point. She says: "Owing to our bedding being damp from exposure, I took a bad cold, which brought on rheumatic fever. For fourteen days I was confined to my bed, and for twenty weeks I never moved a yard from my own doorstep. After a time the fever abated, leaving me weak, languid, and low. At first I had a sickening taste in the mouth, and a poor appetite. No matter how simple and light the food was, I was afraid to eat, for it was sure to give me pain at the chest and sides; so I often had to loosen my corset and undress myself during the day. I could not bear the weight of my clothing.

"I was constantly spitting up a sour frothy fluid, and had a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach—like hunger, and yet different. It was with difficulty I voided the kidney secretion, and my bowels, ankles, and legs began to swell. I got worse; I was in agony night and day, and could not put my foot on the ground. Soon afterwards a husky cough took me, and my throat filled with a thick phlegm. I could not sleep, and was never easy. Later on I had often to sit up in bed, for I felt as if I should choke.

"Year after year I continued to suffer in this way, growing worse and worse, until I despaired

of ever being well again. But who can tell when trouble will come, or when relief? A wonderful Providence is over all.

"One day in June, a book came by post describing Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and what it had done for many poor sufferers. I got a bottle from Mr. Suckling, medicine dealer, and after taking it for a short time, all pain left me, and I gradually gained strength. By taking an occasional dose I have since kept in good health, and can eat and digest any kind of food. (Signed) Mrs. Lydia Green, Moor End, Great Sampford, via Braintree, Essex, Aug. 24th, 1892."

Now, in order that Mrs. Green's clear and truthful statement may be of use to others (as she desires it to be) we must add a word or two. The bad cold she caught at the fire no doubt "brought on" the rheumatic fever (as she relates), but there was something back of the cold, *for a cold never causes rheumatism*. The rheumatic seeds, or poison, must already lie in the blood; and that poison is always created by *pre-existing indigestion and dyspepsia*, whether the sufferer knows it or not. This is proved by the fact that Mrs. Green's chief ailment for ten years after the fire was not rheumatism, but indigestion and dyspepsia and dropsy, which is one of its results and symptoms. When the digestion was finally righted by the remedy she alludes to, *all her apparent maladies* ceased together. Why? Because she had but *one*, as we have said.

Ah, yes; disease is a stern jailor. And how sweet (and cheap) is liberty, obtained by Mother Seigel's help!



## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The House has suddenly been taken out of its usual course and plunged into one of the discussions which it dearly loves—a dispute about the Royal Family. The Duke of Edinburgh had £25,000 a year from the British taxpayer: £15,000 of this, he has given up now that he has become Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and a Sovereign Prince of the German Federation: £10,000 a year he proposes to retain in exchange for the special favour of spending some of his time in our midst. Mr. Gladstone explained this position with the deferential, courtly, almost humble air which he always assumes when he approaches the sacred subject of the Royal Family. It was curious to watch the change in the Old Man's manner and tone when the Radicals, who had listened to the whole statement with anger and amazement, broke in with some very sharp interpellations. The Old Man's eye flamed, his voice shook, and he gathered himself upon his seat with folded arms, in the attitude of angry tension which is relieved by muttered colloquies with Mr. Morley or Sir William Harcourt. The battle between the Radicals and the Grand Old Courtier has been proceeding ever since, and it is yet unsettled. The Government have certainly made every effort to take the business out of the control of Parliament; they would not allow a day for the discussion of the question they have evaded, the very proper inquiry whether the Duke of Edinburgh is an English or a German subject, and the knot of Radicals who are pressing the question get nothing but the most roundabout of Gladstonian replies. Meanwhile, it is causing the utmost discontent, which is not entirely confined to one party. Everyone believes that the Duke, in becoming a German Sovereign, has ceased to be an English subject; that in case of war with Germany he would be bound to act against this country, and that, therefore, we are practically adding to the income of a foreign prince. It is not even pretended that the Duke is poor. He is, on the contrary, a rich man, noted for his saving habits, who could never have spent anything like the extremely large income—to say nothing of the official salary—he enjoyed. He has had no public duties in particular, and his name has rarely figured on subscription lists.

## NO WAY ON THE SHIP.

Meanwhile, the House sticks hopelessly in the middle of the Parish Councils Bill. Last week it was still at Clause 19, with fifty-two clauses to come, and twenty-seven days already spent in Committee. The situation has, indeed, been almost a desperate one. The Ministerialists are, for the first time, getting out of hand, and grumbling at the failure of the Government to take the opportunity of strongly forcing the Bill through at all hazards. On the other hand, there stands Mr. Fowler, a plaintive, pitiful figure of compromise. Mr. Fowler is, undoubtedly, the weak man of the Government from the Radical point of view. He has given way too often both in word and deed, and his tone has been a curious blend of obsequiousness and defiance. One or two Ministers, no doubt, share his opinion that it would be better to get the Bill through without the guillotine. But how to do it? The only possible basis of compromise is that in which the Opposition would retain a partially nominated element on the Boards of Guardians. The next few hours will show whether the deal is coming off, or whether it is to be the guillotine for the rest of the Bill. In any case, it cannot be out of the wood before the end of January, and then come the Lords, and then comes next session.

## WHAT OF THE BUDGET?

But a bigger problem looms up behind. What is the next Budget going to be? There is sure to be a deficit of two millions, and we may reckon with certainty on another two millions being required for the Navy; in other words, Sir William Harcourt may have, with a declining revenue and slackening trade, to face a five-million deficit. "How on earth is he going to meet it?" is the question which must be perturbing the minds of every member of the Government. One thing it is quite certain he cannot afford to do, and that is to go on adding to the income-tax and placing fresh burdens on the shoulders that already bear them. Naturally, the Radicals are calling, and justly calling, for a big reform of taxation on democratic lines. That can only come one way, by graduating the income-tax and the succession duties and by relieving the poor consumer of tea, cocoa, tobacco, and alcohol at the expense of the rich. If any other arrangement is proposed, I do not think it possible that the Government can survive it. For that reason I believe that we shall see a considerable change in the principles on which English taxations are based. Unless that comes it is tolerably safe to prophesy that the Ministry of 1892, like that of 1880, will come to grief on its Budget.

## A PREMIER AT EIGHTY-FIVE.

Mr. Gladstone entered his eighty-fifth year on Friday, and does not seem one whit the worse for wear. His voice is even deeper than it used to be, his alertness and intellectual adroitness are as great as ever. He still plays the old game of Parliamentary tactics with incomparable skill. Indeed, the Ministry could not go on without him, though, if all one hears is true, its inner councils suffer somewhat from the great age of its chief and the necessity of sparing him detail work. Mr. Labouchere hints at his retirement, but that is out of the question. Sir William Harcourt has little moral authority, Mr. Asquith is too young, Lord Rosebery's Premiership might cause a secession of the Labouchierian Radicals, and Lord Spencer is too much of a Whig and a great peer. No, Mr. Gladstone remains as firmly seated in his place as ever.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The New Year begins with a Parliamentary muddle of the worst sort, and I am afraid that the political waters will neither be very smooth nor very clear for the rest of the year. However, it is just possible that Mr. Gladstone may find a dissolution convenient, and that is the only way of getting out of the muddle. Meanwhile, "here we are again," at the risk of making everybody loathe the very name of Parliament; here we seem likely to remain several weeks more, occupied in the profitable task of turning a non-contentious Bill into something just bad enough for the House of Lords to be obliged to take exception to. For that is really all, as far as I can see, that the House of Commons is now thinking about.

## THE SCENE ON WEDNESDAY.

A certain sporting element made the return to work on Wednesday more interesting than it might have been. The guerrilla party, whose combative instincts the Gladstonian tyranny has—perhaps wantonly—excited, had prepared whole strings of questions for Ministers, and the point was, Would Ministers come back to answer them, and submit to the necessities they had forced upon an unwilling Opposition? In the result, the Treasury Bench was fuller than it had been for some time. Mr. Morley was back from Cannes and Mr. Gladstone from Brighton; indeed, at question time Mr. Fowler was unable to obtain a seat, so full was the Treasury Bench. The only absentee was the Civil Lord of the Admiralty (who has recently been so *un-civil* to the Lords), and Commander Bethell and Mr. Bowles made the most of his absence—the latter even suggesting that he had resigned because of Sir William Harcourt's statement about the Navy. It turned out that Mr. Robertson had been detained in his train by a fog. I notice this opening scene and its characteristics mainly in order to give an interpretation of it which has not caught proper attention. My view is that Ministers wanted, and want, to give the guerrillas every opportunity to heckle. Just in the same way as a Gladstonian evening paper urges Mr. Chamberlain to make "obstruction" speeches, so the whole Gladstonian party is only too glad that certain combative Conservatives can be so irritated as to give them a chance of saying, "Yah, see how time is wasted!" For my own part, considering the provocation, I am sometimes amazed at the moderation shown by Messrs. Bowles and Co.

## THE POOR LAW CLAUSE.

What about the cry of "obstruction" on Clause 19? Well, I can assure everybody, whether Liberal or Conservative, that nobody wants to spin out the discussion and so prevent the House from getting a holiday. But, on the other hand, there is a very proper feeling on the Opposition side—which seems to be shared by Mr. Fowler, though his opinions do not now seem to be of any consequence—that this Poor Law Amendment Clause must not be allowed to pass in a hurry, solely because members are sick of their legislative duties. It is supremely silly to retaliate by saying that the whole thing has been threshed out. It has not, and if it had it ought not to be. Clause 19 alters the franchise and the qualification for the election of guardians. The Poor Law administration, as anybody acquainted with it knows, depends more than anything upon the guardians personally, who, though nominally dependent on the Local Government Board as regards increasing outdoor relief, are practically independent, and the change now proposed might conceivably—I don't say that it will—entirely repeal the Act of 1834, and revive all the old Poor Law Relief scandals. This is a very wide and an important matter, and if introduced in a Bill by itself would certainly be discussed for several weeks without any suggestion of dilatoriness. It is absurd and wrong to say that it can or should be passed in a hurry solely because it is appended to a Parish Councils Bill. Every pressure was put on Mr. Fowler to take this part of the Bill separately. It was even the opinion of the draughtsmen, as I have reason to believe, that the clause was an excrescence.

## THE NAVY PROSPECTS.

The adjournment over Christmas has relieved Ministers of some of the pressure put upon them with regard to the Navy. There can be no doubt that, as Lord George Hamilton has pointed out, this is a very serious matter for England. If we had a war now, or within this year, we could probably thrash any two countries who opposed us at sea. Nobody who assists in getting up the so-called "Navy Scare" says a word about that. But the point is that, while France and Russia have now large orders in hand for more ships, we have not, and in two or three years' time, unless a new programme is presented, we shall be quite behindhand. Now, in the debate on Lord George Hamilton's motion, Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt talked only of what we are worth now, which is quite off the point. Sir William did, indeed, go further, and gave everyone the impression that he was quoting from an Admiralty minute concerning our position this time next year; but he has had to explain this away. Although closely pressed by Mr. Vicary Gibbs and others, he has not, of course, confessed that the Admiralty compelled him to retract statements impliedly made on their authority; but it may be taken as certain that his withdrawal and personal explanation were an apology to the Naval Lords, and that they had threatened to resign if he did not state formally that they were not responsible for the optimistic tone he took. The result is that we have got no assurance from the Government whatever. However, I believe that, as I stated before Christmas, Lord Spencer will be too strong for the Treasury in this matter.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I wonder what 1894 has in store for us in the way of fashions, and what fresh excitement will take the place of the crinoline scare? At present there seems no way of gratifying our curiosity, for it is rather premature to speculate on early spring modes, and all that seems certain is that velvet will be the material most favoured by Dame Fashion; while as to colour a glorious impartiality will be displayed, and individual tastes and complexions may be fully consulted. From all that I can hear, it seems decreed that we shall go on using yards upon yards of material for our skirts, which will be adorned with multitudinous frills and furbelows to an even greater extent than at present, and panniers will also hold their ground, to the edification of slim folk and the annoyance of those who cannot come under that category. However, as Dame Fashion has, on the whole, led us through very pleasant paths during the last year, we may, I think, trust ourselves to her guidance for the future with a perfectly easy mind, recollecting that, should her way not always be our way, we can easily take a short cut or a roundabout route which will answer every purpose satisfactorily, and bring us eventually to the same desired end.

So now let us leave the future to take care of itself, and turn to what is of more immediate importance — the present, with its dances and its fancy balls, and its constant demands for new gowns and novel ideas. With regard to fancy dresses, I know by experience what a wearisome trouble it often is to think of anything suitable, so I have got our artist to design you three gowns, one or other of which may, I hope, chance to please some of you, and so save you the trouble of thinking out something for yourselves. First, then, there is a dancing girl's dress of white silk, covered with ribbons of hues as varied as Joseph's coat, which, when the wearer moves, float outwards in a particularly graceful way. The skirt is further trimmed with little rosettes of the ribbon, placed at intervals round the edge. Nothing could be more becoming to a slim, prettily rounded figure than the crossed bands of ribbon on the bodice and the full puffing of silk slashed with ribbon which accentuates the waist line, and the same idea is carried out in the puffed sleeves, the fulness being caught in with bands of ribbon, tying in bows on the shoulders. A band of ribbon round the elbows, finished off in bows with long ends, and a ribbon-decked tambourine complete what is, to my thinking, a charmingly pretty, and, withal, simple and inexpensive, dress, and one, too, which can be adapted to suit anyone by ringing the changes on the colours.

The second dress is quite different in character, and would suit a tall, dark girl to perfection, especially if she were blessed with a good figure. It is an adaptation of the "Yeomen of the Guard" uniform, and the full skirt is intended to be of red silk, trimmed with three bands of black velvet bordered with gold, the middle band being very broad and the other two comparatively narrow. On the front of the plain, tight-fitting bodice the rose and the crown are emblazoned in gold, and there is a square yoke of black velvet richly embroidered in gold, the waistband being also of black velvet, edged narrowly with gold. The puffs at the top of the sleeves are ornamented with three bands of black velvet and gold, matching those on the skirt, and are then plain and tight-fitting to the wrist, white gauntlet gloves being worn. But the hat is, in more ways than one, the crowning point, and suits the costume to perfection. It is in red velvet and silk, and is trimmed with white ostrich plumes, narrow lines of gold being artfully introduced as an edging. I expect you will

fall in love with this costume without any further recommendation from me; but I will just mention that if you want to be economical you can substitute cloth for the silk, without losing any of the effect.

The third and last dress would entail very little trouble or expense upon the wearer, for, though it is intended to represent the costume of a lady of the time of Charles II., a modern gown could easily be adapted to this style, and, on the other hand, a dress made in this way could be worn on many occasions other than fancy-dress balls, provided the stomacher were shortened a little. This particular gown is of buttercup-yellow and white brocade, the puffed sleeves slashed with white silk and edged with a frill of yellowish lace, and the collar of yellow velvet which outlines the corsage being cut in points and covered with the same lace. The hair should be arranged in curls, as in the sketch, and confined by a gold band, and an old-fashioned feather fan would be a pretty finish.

I have always wanted to see a "bullfinch" dress successfully carried out. I think the black toning into grey, and with spots of white introduced, and then that dash of vivid sunset-red which is seen on the breast of the bird would make such a charming and effective combination; and another costume which I have in my mind's eye would have a skirt formed entirely of vine leaves fashioned in silk, and caught up at the side with a great cluster of velvety-purple grapes, while the stalks should form the waistband and the shoulder-straps to the bodice of purple velvet, adorned with clusters of leaves and grapes.

One might go on for ever, there are so many suggestions which could be made, so many good ideas to be carried out, but for nine out of ten of the most popular fancy dresses one absolutely must have diamonds. However, those of you who have not got a well-stocked jewel-case need not necessarily find your choice of a gown strictly limited on this account, for you can always fall back upon those wonderful Parisian diamonds, of which we all ought to avail ourselves, and which, no matter how often I see them, always fill me with fresh admiration and wonder. I was looking over some of the new designs the other day, and, among other things, I noticed the daintiest wee crown for hat or bonnet, and I could not help thinking how wonderfully well this would come in for a variety of fancy-dress costumes, as would, also, the antique diamond cluster brooches, with emeralds, rubies, or other stones in the centre; while a large hook-and-eye in diamonds would look delightful as a fastening for an evening cloak or cape. Some of the diamond sprays were simply lovely, notably a cluster of full-blown dog-roses, leaves, and buds, a trail of orchids being also particularly successful.

In the way of brooches, I fell quite in love with one formed of three entwined crescents, and with a pearl in the centre of each, another diamond crescent brooch surrounding a moonstone shamrock leaf, with a diamond glistening in the centre. Bow brooches there were in all varieties, but I particularly liked one which had two long ends, each one finished off with a pearl; and specially suitable for bridesmaids' presents were some dainty wee brooches, composed of two entwined hearts, turquoises and pearls, and diamonds and pearls, looking very pretty.

Velvet neckbands are very fashionable in Paris just now for evening wear, and the pretty fashion is gaining favour here, so the Parisian

[Continued on page 555.]





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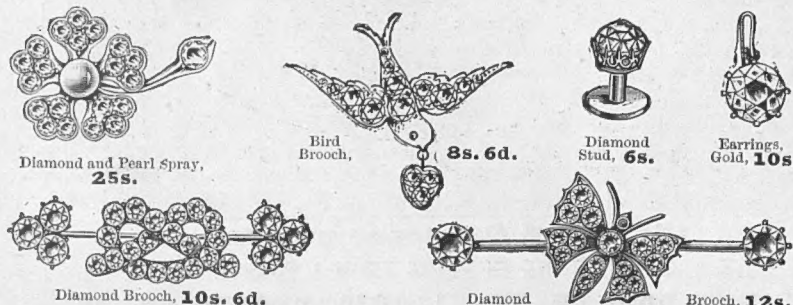


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Parisian diamond ornaments commence in price at five shillings, you can all afford to indulge in what would, without these wonderful inventions, be to most of us a forbidden luxury, altogether beyond our reach. The Company have branches at 85, New Bond Street, 43, Burlington Arcade, and 248, Regent Street, or, if you cannot call, you can have an illustrated catalogue post free. So, whether you are going to a fancy-dress ball or not, I daresay you will find some use for some of the pretty things of which I have told you, or the countless others which I have had to leave unrecorded.

I must not on any account, however, omit to put on record the fact that on Jan. 1 a winter sale was commenced at the Maison Jay in Regent Street, and those of you who have often longed to

possess some of the exquisite productions of the famous firm may now obtain your desire without drawing too heavily on your purses, for over fifty exquisite model gowns are now reduced to less than half-price, and there are also a great number of serge skirts, cut in the very newest style, and sold, with material for the bodice, at two guineas and a-half (on a linen foundation) and three guineas and a-half (on a silk foundation). Specially noteworthy, also, are some skirts, cut to perfection, and made without a seam, in white and black, mauve and white and black silk, with a bordering of fur, the prices ranging from six guineas and a-half. You could not wish for anything in more perfect style, and the present fashion is so pleasantly elastic that you could wear almost any bodice with one of these skirts, which would, therefore, be a thoroughly good investment.

On the same day, Jan. 1, Madame Humble, of 19, Conduit Street, started her winter sale. I have told you often already the originality and perfect style of her productions, and this sale is a marvellous opportunity for securing some of her masterpieces. All her lovely things are marked at half-price, and those of you who are living in London, or who have come up for these all-important sales, should consider your round incomplete unless it included a visit to 19, Conduit Street.

FLORENCE.

With regard to the interview with Signor Édel in last week's *Sketch*, it is only just to Mr. Basil Cragge to correct a mis-statement therein. The latter gentleman was responsible for the designs of many of the dresses employed so charmingly in the "Fish Ballet" of Drury Lane pantomime, and Mr. Cragge is also the artist of eight of the twelve costumes illustrated in the book of the words.

Those who are meditating a Continental trip may be glad to know of an important alteration in the mail service between Berlin and London, *via* Flushing, which will shorten the journey by three hours, and is announced to come into operation on May 1. The train which now starts from Berlin at 7.47 a.m. will leave at 12 noon, arriving in London (Victoria and Holborn Viaduct) at 8.45 a.m. This will be the shortest time in which the journey has yet been made. The journey from Vienna will be shortened by six hours, from Dresden by four hours and a-half, and from Hamburg and Bremen by three hours and a-half. Through corridor carriages are run from Berlin to Flushing in connection with the steamers of the Queenboro'-Flushing Line. From the beginning of April a considerable reduction in the fares by this route is also contemplated.

## THE KING VULTURE AT THE "ZOO."

This bird, which is a native of the lowland provinces of South America, is said to owe its distinguishing epithet to the fact that while it is feasting no other birds dare approach the carrion that furnishes the monarch with a meal. Many writers have doubted the truth of this, but it seems to rest on good authority, and a German naturalist says that he has frequently witnessed similar scenes, in which the disappointed birds never ventured to interfere with the lord of the feast, but perched around in the trees, devouring with their eyes what was unattainable in a more satisfactory and substantial fashion. The plumage is beautiful and, for a vulture, brilliant. The



reddish white of the back contrasts well with the deep black of the wings and tail; the neck and head are covered with orange, purple, and crimson caruncles, and there is a black wattle beneath the yellowish-white bill. There is a fine specimen in the Eastern Aviary at the Zoological Gardens, though to see him the visitor must walk down the passage at the rear of the large cages in the open. No sooner does one approach the compartment where his Majesty is confined than he draws himself up to his full height, and "spits" like an angry cat, walking slowly backwards the while till he reaches the farthest corner of his dwelling, where he changes his note to a deep guttural sound that is almost a growl, and there is a wicked gleam in his eye that means mischief.

H. S.

## THE DANGEROUS LAMP.

The carelessness—or, to give it its real name, foolhardiness—of persons using paraffin-oil lamps has once more been exemplified in the nearly total destruction, early on Christmas Day, of a beautiful old country-house near Northallerton. The owner, Mr. Clayton Swan, and his wife were absent from home, owing to the death of Sir George Elliot, Mrs. Swan's grandfather, and the fire occurred through the tilting over of a paraffin lamp, from which the flames quickly spread, destroying in their progress several valuable pictures and other property to a large extent. Tolberge Hall, where the disaster occurred, is a well-known sporting centre, the owner being Master of the Sinnington Hounds, and great regret is felt in the country round, although, fortunately, the inmates had time to escape. Many of the servants, who slept upstairs, just got free, without time even to change their night clothes, and were picketed about among the villagers. It always seems to me such egregious folly to use paraffin in a country-house without an engine being within hail. Candles should be made to do duty instead. They are infinitely less risky if carried in the enclosed "lamp-chimney candlesticks." I was staying at a country-house in Yorkshire last month, where the picture gallery contents are estimated in five figures, and our host never allowed oil in the house, although he had three watchmen going their rounds every night, and a fire-engine of his own on the place as well. One hopes that very soon electricity will become more feasible than it is at present, and so enable those fortunate people who are burdened with "appurtenances" to rest securely free from that bogey of the country-house, "Fire!" So long as paraffin and servants are allowed within measurable distance of each other, so long will there be the near probability of such catastrophes.

## A VICTORY.

"How did you happen to marry him? Were you in love with him?"  
"Oh, no; but another girl was."—*Life*.



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

Many of our amateur riders would do better if they kept themselves in strict training, as the professionals do. Late nights and club life are not likely to strengthen the nerves. Sir Claude de Crespigny, who is on the shady side of fifty, and who rides so well, believes in plenty of active exercise. When a new cricket ground was being laid out close to Sir Claude's residence at Denmark Hill, he visited the scene daily, and, doffing his coat, wheeled the roller for one or two hours at a stretch. No wonder he can safely pilot Corrèze over the stiff Sandown country. If gentlemen riders went to bed early each night, and rose betimes every morning to ride at schooling, they would hold their own with the pure jockeys.

If the weather keeps as open as it has been of late, there should be plenty of runners in the early spring, although the Kingsclere horses will not do much before the May month. It is quite likely that a large field will be seen out for the Two Thousand Guineas, as many owners will want to get a line through Ladas. I think Match Box will be seen out for this race. Facundo, a son of Ormonde, trained in Jewitt's stable, may help to swell the field if he can be got ready, which is doubtful, by-the-by. The best of the dark division will, without a doubt, be Grand Hampton, a son of Merry Hampton. The colt is owned by Sir Blundell Maple, and looks all over a classic winner. At the same time, he will have to be something out of the common if he is to beat Ladas.

Arthur Nightingall, who has met with a nasty accident, is likely to head the list of winning cross-country jockeys this season, if he does not stay out of the saddle too long.



ARTHUR NIGHTINGALL.

Arthur has an advantage over many of his brother jockeys, as he is one of the finest judges of a horse in the country, and it is not surprising to hear that he does so well as a trainer. The late John Nightingall always insisted on his sons riding at exercise, so that they should know how to school a horse as well as steer him in a race. Arthur does his own schooling, and owners may rely upon it that if a horse cannot jump after having been under his care the animal is no good. Among his patrons is the Prince of Wales, who will win a good race with The

Vigil. It is unnecessary to give Arthur riding orders: he simply goes to win. He has never been known to lose his temper, and is one of the most popular fellows with his brother riders. He is very fond of a joke, but his opponents find it more than a joke in trying to beat him at a tight finish.

With the turn of the year we shall see a great improvement in racing under National Hunt Rules, because the prizes run for will be more valuable. Any sort of sport may be good enough to amuse holiday-seekers, but it is about time that clerks of courses were told that selling races of £50 would no longer be tolerated. These events are huge gambling items pure and simple. An owner has to bet, and bet heavily, to pay expenses, even should his horse win. As the animal has to be bought in then, there is £10, to say nothing of a present for the jockey; in addition, the entry fees, training, and travelling expenses must be paid.

The spring entries will soon be in view, and then talk of the future will be loud and long. It is the general opinion that Cloister will win the Grand National once more, and this despite the fact that Mr. Mainwaring may avail himself of the 9 st. 7 lb. limit. Esop is being specially kept for this race, and Why Not will once more try his luck at Aintree. Such as Wild Man from Borneo, Shootaway, and even Redhill would have to be thought about if lightly weighted. It is, however, pretty safe in dealing with the cross-country Derby to hint that out of the first half-dozen horses home will be animals that have covered the country previously.

Several owners are giving up racing—Mr. Singer, Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, Mr. C. D. Rose, Mr. Noel Fenwick, and the Duchess of Montrose being the best known of the lot. I cannot hear of any recruits to the racecourse, if we except Mr. Scruby, who will, I believe, have a long string of horses in training. Luckily, Lords Derby and Stanley have joined the ranks of the owners lately, and Mr. R. Lebaudy has decided to strengthen his already numerous stud of horses in training. Lord Chelsea may register his colours later on, and Lord Decies, who already patronises the jumping business, might have a few flat-racers in training. Lord Rosebery has a long string of horses, and good ones, too, and Mr. J. A. Miller, a brother of Sir James, has a stable full. Mr. Morbey has added to the strength of Joe Cannon's stable; but, on the other hand, Mr. Jack Hammond, who did such wonders with St. Gatien and Florence, seems to have tired of the sport.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Dec. 30, 1893.

For the last time in this most disastrous year we have to write to you, and we sincerely hope, dear Sir, that neither you nor ourselves will ever have to pass through so severe a time of depression again. The year, as you will remember, opened with general hopes of improvement, which continued until the early weeks of April, when the financial and banking crisis in the Australian Colonies burst like a thunder-cloud, and dissipated in less than two months the last signs of reviving confidence. From the failure of the Commercial Bank until now we have suffered from disaster after disaster: the silver legislation in India, the American crisis, the Coal Strike, the smash of the Trust Companies, and, as a Christmas treat, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé receivership have all contributed to make the year 1893 unenviable in the annals of finance.

The course of events is not badly marked by the collective value of what are called the 334 representative securities, as to whose fluctuation in value you have heard, dear Sir, from time to time.

In January, 1893, the total value of these securities, according to the official list, was £2,824,000,000, and until April there was a gradual improvement. By the combined effect of various disasters the collective value had fallen in September to £2,750,000,000, and now is represented by £2,753,000,000, or a shrinkage of over £70,000,000 since the beginning of the year, made up principally by a decline of £28,000,000 sterling in Foreign Government bonds, between £15,000,000 and £16,000,000 sterling in American Railway securities, and £7,000,000 sterling in the value of bank shares.

The truth of the matter is, dear Sir, that, as the result of blow after blow, the public have lost all confidence, the brokers' offices are deserted, and in many markets such complete disorganisation exists that the jobbers put up prices if they think a buyer is about, and the moment the deal is done put them down again. Of course, this state of things is not going to last for ever, but the wisest men in the City have given up speculating on when or how a revival is to come, and are content to purchase and lock up as many good second or third-class securities as they can pay for, in the full assurance that they will be able to realise a fair profit when the public begin in earnest to buy again. You could not do better than follow this example, provided always you do not go out of your depth and purchase nothing that you cannot pay for.

The International position is very unsatisfactory. Greece has defaulted, and the difficulties of Italy and Spain are common property. Egyptian stocks, which are among the few securities the public is at present willing to buy, have been run up to prices altogether out of proportion to their true merits, as must be self-evident to any thoughtful person who considers such incidents as those which happened within the last few days in the Legislative Council, or which were brought about earlier in the year by the attempts of the Khedive to throw off English control. The Argentine settlement has now received full legislative sanction, but so dead is the market that, although this means resumption of cash payments, the Government loans have hardly responded to the improved position. A year ago such stocks as the Funding Loan were practically at the same price as they are to-day, and when we compare the yield to an investor and the risk run with the security offered by Italy, Greece, or Brazil, we can only say that either Argentines are too low or the other stocks are too high.

In Home Rails the traffics have proved quite as good as most people expected, and the market generally is slightly better than it was a fortnight ago, but the only feature of note has been the rise in Brighton A stock. We estimated the dividend at something between  $5\frac{1}{4}$  and  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. about a month ago, and the market has now made up its mind to expect the higher of these two estimates, which, together with a "back" of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., has helped to strengthen the position.

The Atchison receivership, which came to give us an appetite for our Christmas dinners, has terribly shaken the American market, not so much because it means serious trouble, as by reason of the general distrust it has occasioned. It is hardly three weeks ago when President Reinhart publicly stated the money was in hand to pay the January interest, and that practically the position of the road was assured, so that the public may now very fairly estimate the value to be placed on the public utterances of United States railway managers. When the Yankees learn that "honesty is the best policy" we may see a general revival; but even the best lines have within the last day or two suffered from the general distrust which such barefaced misrepresentation—to use a mild word—brings upon the whole market. We consider that the A and B bonds of the Atchison Road are quite low enough, and we would rather see you buying a few more to average your holding than selling those you hold at the present ruinous prices.

You ask us about the Jarvis-Conklin reorganisation scheme. From a debenture-holder's point of view, it means the release of a specific lien for a general floating charge, and we should strongly advise you to vote against the proposals. You have, at least, a debenture secured on something (even in these bad times) of considerable value, but if you are induced to release the property over which you have a charge for what is called a floating security, the value of which is quite uncertain, you will deserve to lose your money, and must forgive your friends if you find they write you down as a fool in addition.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

S. Simon, Esq.